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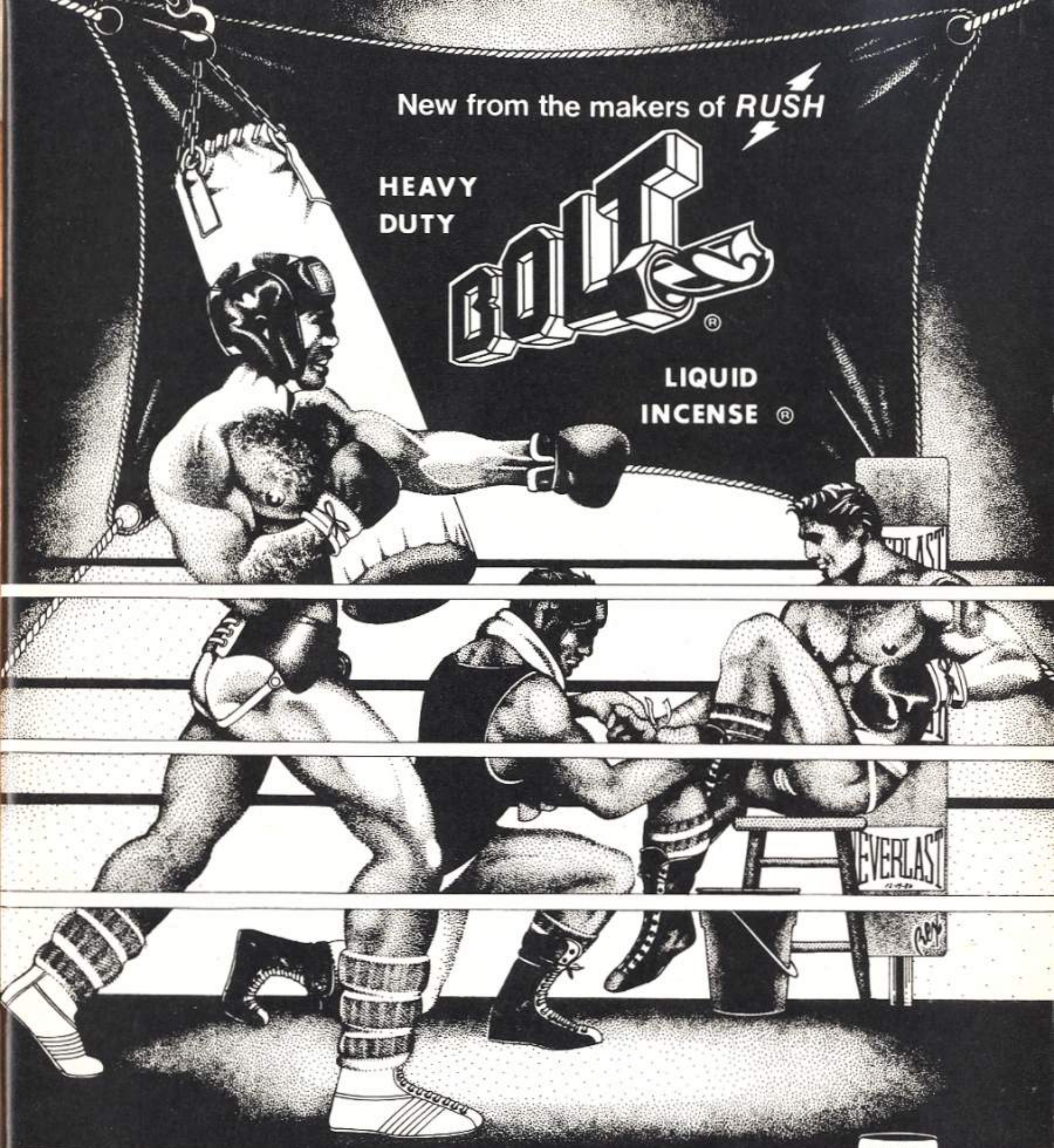
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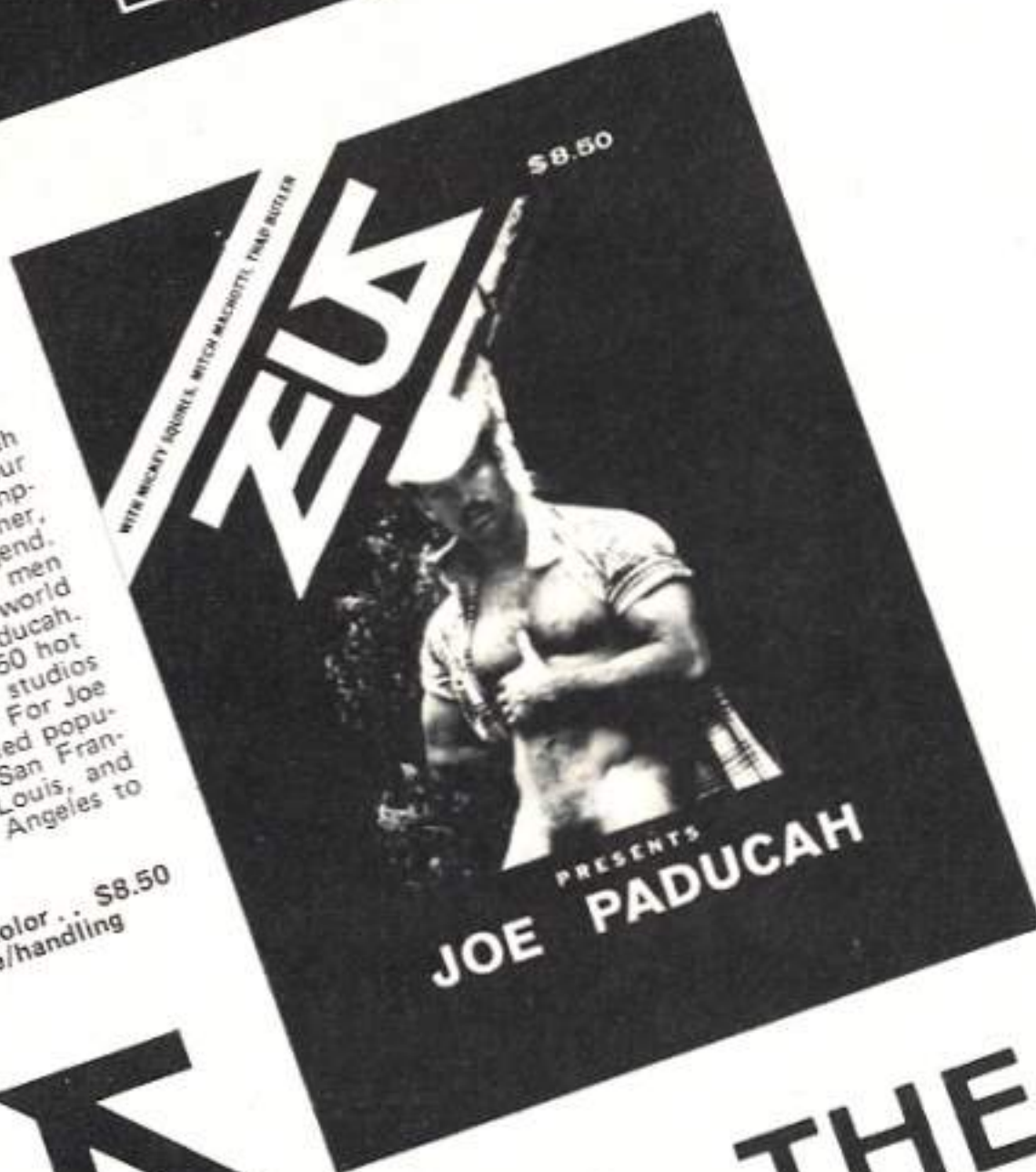


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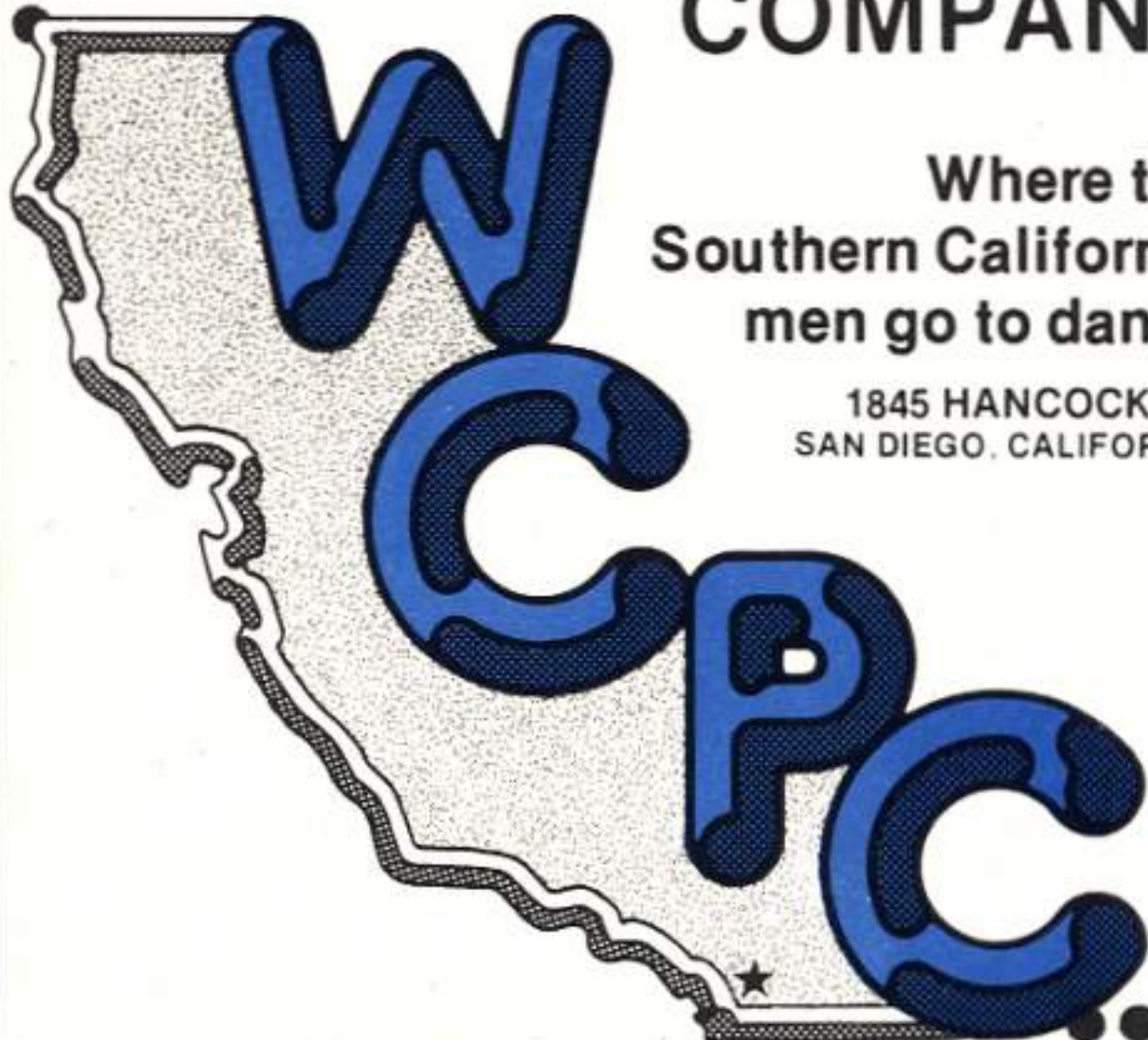
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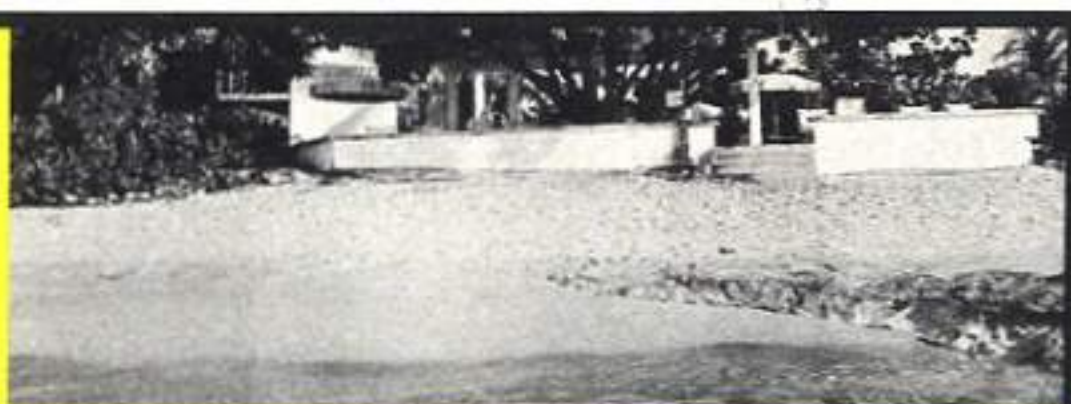
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LETTERS:

MARLOMANIA

Your Marlo cover (#52) was the most beautiful one you've ever done. Your use of pink—*pink!*—for the title was brilliant! And courageous, what with all the other gay mags and their nelly hang-ups on piss-poor ideas of macho. Here at last is a magazine that has forgotten all the rules and talks about desire. And desire's name is Marlo. Wow!

Johnny Cougar
New York, NY

... and that Marlo: Thank you, Thank you, Thank you!

Dean Crest
Concordia, KS

Well, now you've done it! I'm a reasonably successful male professional who has been living with another reasonably successful male professional for almost 25 years. Your mag is much loved in our house. I came home the other night and my roomie said, "The new IN TOUCH came today but you'd better not look at it." Then I did! Wow, Wow, Wow! That Marlo is something else. I thought blond surfers were my bag. Let's see more of him—please!

In Love in D.C.
Washington, D.C.

I want you to know that because of Marlo I just had to make a trip to Puerto Rico. I saw many Marlos (except they usually have small moustaches and I prefer the perfection, the innocence of your original) and they all have big baskets. I decided I needed a good reason to go down there often so negotiations are under way and I plan to open a location there for one of my Steamworks bath chain. All because of your cover boy!

Max of the Steamworks
Sunnyvale, CA

WRANGLER JACK-OFF

Whatever happened to the hottest blond stud ever photographed, ever adored and unadorned, ever dreamt over and, God knows, publicized? Whatever happened to Jack Wrangler? Time was he was on the cover and between the covers of every national gay magazine. His home movie loops were being sold by all major companies. He toured every city in a scorching one-man show. I know he's alive and breathing and kicking those legs and making love like mad (on stage) because I was in the Big Apple this past summer and saw him star in *T-Shirts* about 4 times. He's a great won-



MARLO

derful lovable talented boy. I worked out with him one afternoon about three years ago here in L.A. at Brad's Gym. I got real close while he was doing his leg raises. I don't see how he poured all of what he's got into such a brief pair of gym trunks. I soon discovered that it was all real: the

leg muscles, the bicep muscles, the beautiful face. Later in the shower I got to see the luscious muscle between his long legs, that famous 11-inch Wrangler Bomb. Please tell me why the media has shut the door to this beautiful hunk!

Frank Evans Jr.
Hollywood, CA

Frank, our doors, as well as other things, will always be open to Jack Wrangler. He is presently starring in a new film, Palace of Pleasures, which we hear is dynamite. (Jeremy Hughs, a frequent contributor to these pages, wrote the script.) By the way we enjoyed your note, especially since we suspect it is a press-release in disguise. Lick that Wrangler!

—Ed.

NORTH PLATT REPLIES

(In Issue #49, we ran a letter under the heading "Why Anita Isn't Funny" in which a young man told about his struggle to come out and asked gay men to help nervous, guilt-ridden young men in their midst. The letter drew a tremendous response, everyone from a convict to a schoolteacher to a professional writer had a word of support. Unfortunately, we had nowhere to forward this mail. The original writer had not signed his letter and we could barely make out the postmark. We assumed it was North Platt. Well, the boy who wrote that letter has written another one, this time signed, in which he tells us, among other things, that he no longer lives—if he ever did—in North Platt.)

I felt I needed to write you with a short progress report of my life. I wrote a letter to you a few months ago which you published in Issue 49 under the appropriate title "Why Anita Isn't Funny." As you remember, I was seriously confused about my desirability to other men and lamented my lack of sexual activity. I was somewhat down on other men as not being "helpful" to the new gay coming out. I am happy to report that there are some really great men out there who are caring and gentle. I met a wonderfully empathetic man who gave me a tour of what gay life is all about. He didn't try to force me to go to bed with him because I was not ready for it. He merely showed me he understood. Though fate was to separate us before he could teach me true love, I learned I was not weird or perverted. I soon met a beautiful dark-haired man whose invitation to the bedroom I was now able to accept. I couldn't believe it was as wonderful as it was. We

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did not become lovers but we became confidants and friends. Granted, I have met some real bastards too, but I have found gay men are the nicest people in the world (and the best looking). I guess this letter is written for all those out there who don't know who they are or what they want. I know what you are going through and I wish I could help you all come to terms with the beautiful life I have chosen. Be patient and keep your eyes open. Your prince will come soon. Life is out there waiting for you to make your move and join it. Allow yourself to feel, accept who you are, go for what you want. I love you all for being the individuals that you are and for having the strength to accept this wonderful individuality. Good luck everyone!

B. David
Indianapolis, IN
(Not North Platt!)

THE 36TH THING

Being English and having engaged with friends in the "is he or isn't he" debate about Prince Charles' sexual inclinations, I was particularly interested in Issue 52's "Thirty-Five Things You Should Know About Prince Charles." Amid all the hearsay and speculation (which, alas, brings us no closer to the answer!), there is one undeniable fact: His Royal Highness *is* circumcised. The Prince was christened on 15th December, 1948, and five days later he was circumcised at Buckingham Palace. The honor of removing the royal foreskin (surely a much weightier matter than the circumcision of the *hoi polloi*) was entrusted to Dr. Jacob Snowman of Hampstead. As the good doctor was then in his 80's, one hopes for the Prince's sake that he had a steady hand!

How one wishes that answers to other questions about Charles were a matter of public record also.

Ronald Hudson
New York, NY

Thanks for the info, Ronald, but please check our "thing" number seven: "According to many sources the 31-year-old Prince is well endowed and circumcised." As you can see, we're on the, um, ball.

—Ed.

... AND A 37TH THING

First you ran "Thirty-Five Things You Should Know About Prince Charles" and now wedding bells are tolling for our Prince. Do you feel any guilt in knowing that your trashy publication may have forced the hand of the future King of England? Do you think he really loves her? Do you think he is bisexual? Will they honeymoon in San Francisco? How about giving us "35 Things We Should Know About Lady Diana," to see if she



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All we know is that Diana owns all the Anne Murray albums.

—Ed.

MUD WRESTLER REPLIES

Many thanks for running the fine pictures of the Chicago mud wrestling contest in Issue #52 and a special thank you for printing several shots of yours truly. I was the guy in the red bikini. Betty Crocker would surely be pleased to know her cake mix was put to such inspired use. As we all know, only the finest batter makes the best cakes. I can only hope your readers and the spectators enjoyed the contest as much as the participants did. Thanks again for your excellent coverage of a really hot event.

Greg Daterman
 Chicago, IL

TYPO-SPOTTER OF THE MONTH

(Obviously we're understaffed. Obviously, we have lots of typos. Obviously, we have the kind of reader who is going to catch this and read us to shit. This letter was the best and came with the Tom of Finland picture we ran in #52, which had the accompanying quote from Genet, with typo: "The nocturnal language of lovers is not written down. It is whispered in the ear at night in a horse voice.")

Yeah, sure! Genet never heard a whinny in his life. The copy editor who let this get by is no stallion, baby. Maybe the ass of one.

Anonymous
 Chicago, IL

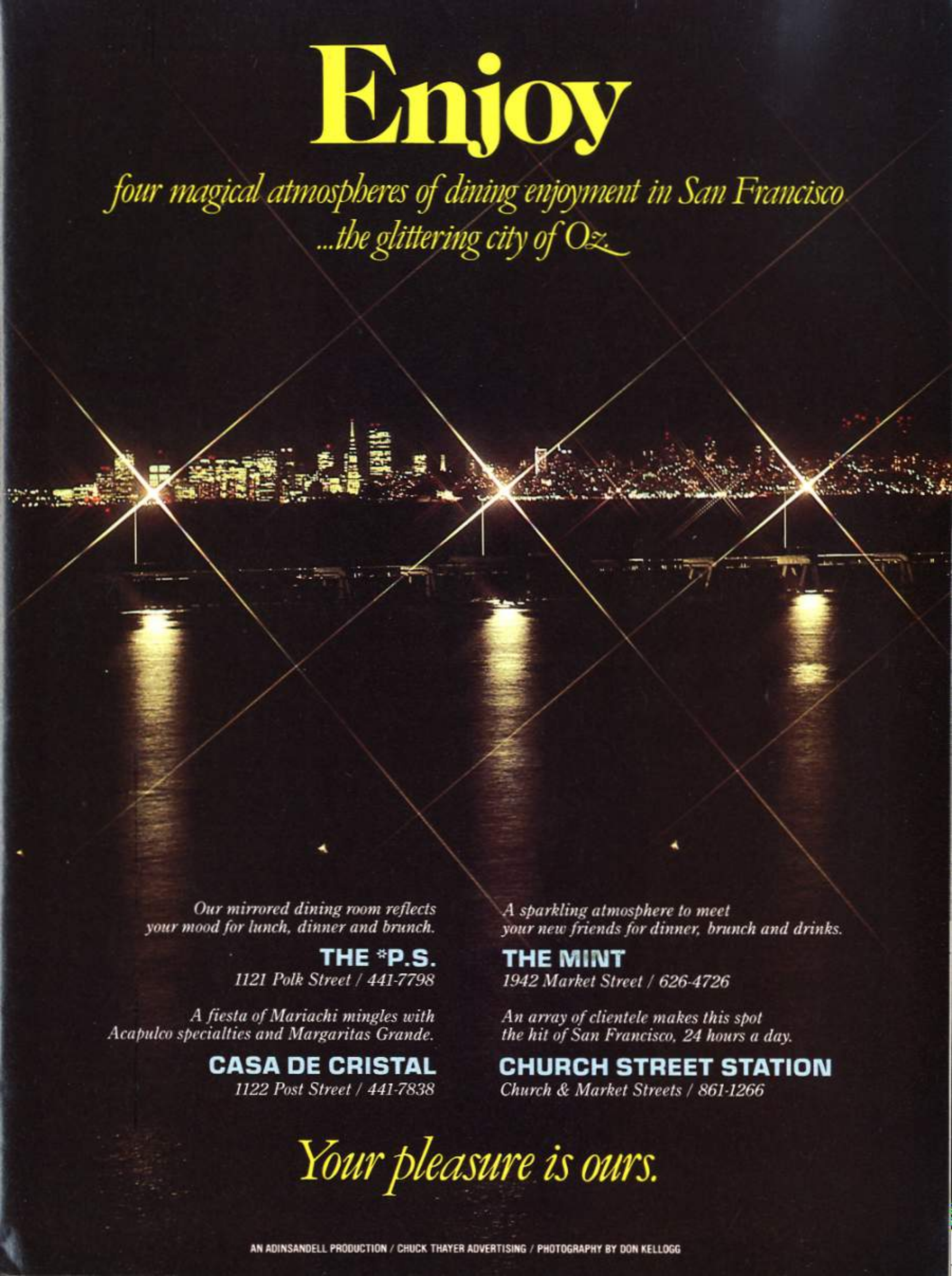
Hee-haw.

—Ed.

Gay Sunshine Press (Box 40397, San Francisco 94140) which published the book *Meat* took exception with the titles we gave our excerpts from that book. We had changed titles because of the limits of space—and of taste, feeling that a title like "Licks Marine's Fat Ass" might turn off some readers who would otherwise read the material and, perhaps, be liberated by it. For the record, the official titles were "Ex-Sailor Ranks Marines Best for Sex," "State Trooper Nookie," "His Smooth Thighs Clenched My Head," "Reformatory Coach Gets Coached," "Technology: Glory Hole Repairman," "Sucks Italian on Train," "Confessions of a Cop," "Licks Marine's Fat Ass," "The Sailor Went Ape," "The Cadet."

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SHIP SHAPE: See those shoulders bold and glorious. See that smile so uproarious. You can tell . . . the man's in the Navy. If you read our last couple of issues, you know how hard we tried to get these lines between those legs. Guy Madison is just the most spreadable, edible, incredible . . . well, let's go for understatement and just say he is the walking, talking epitome of the word seafood. That face was made for sailor caps, overpowering cologne and long, hungry kisses. Seaman Madison, First Class (ah-huh!), welcomes you aboard our special Sailor issue. Now hurry up and get into uniform, Charlie, the whistle has blown, the girl has broken the champagne and all the salts are ready to cruise, cruise, cruise. God, you look good in blue! Bon voyage, high, wide and handsome.



Business as usual . . .

CARD OF THE MONTH: We rarely laugh out loud in card stores. But not because we are noted for our good taste, deep thoughts or an inability to throw a scene capable of embarrassing everyone in a two-block radius. We rarely laugh out loud in card stores because we rarely find the cards all that funny. This was the exception. "It's the 'Nooners' card, isn't it," said the pretty boy behind the counter, attracted by our clamor. "That one gets everybody." We must applaud all involved: the card company, Inno Visions (Box 10562, Chicago, IL 60610), the photographer, Jay Blumenfeld, the writer, Lesley Blumenfeld.

This card also helps illustrate the new trend among straight guys for transsexuals and transvestites. Not only are mags with names like *Torrid TVs* the latest surprise best-sellers in adult book

AC/DC JAZZ: Black singers have traditionally gotten away with raunchy lyrics if only because white record-company executives didn't understand the slang. Back in the Twenties and Thirties, black artists were free to say almost anything they liked; black consumers had their own vaudeville circuits (which were white-owned), their own record labels (ditto), and even their own record stores (ditto again). If a white man wanted to buy a Bessie Smith record, he had to go to a "race record" shop in a black neighborhood. Therefore, in an era when there were no jazz critics to inform the white censors, the blues could get pretty blue.

Now, Stash Records (who brought us *Reefer Songs* and *Copulatin' Blues*) has released a collection of early jazz recordings, titled *AC/DC Blues: Gay Jazz Reissues*, which proves to be a very unusual tour of Tin Pan Alley.

The recordings, dating from 1927 to 1936, offer George Hannah confessing that "I'm a pig-meat papa, don't deny the fact. And every time you catch me rootin', I'm rootin' some man's back." On *Dirty Dozens*, a man sings "I met your daddy on the corner the other day. You know about your daddy, he's funny that way." Much more direct is a man named Connie McLean who says that he "woke up this morning with my business in my hand. If you can't bring me a woman, bring me a sissy man."

The girls get their share, too. In *B.D. Woman's Blues*, Bessie Jackson takes on the "bull-dikers," who "walk just like a natural man." The legendary Ma Rainey, who "don't like no men," laments the loss of her female lover. And Ma's young protegee, Bessie Smith (who went on to lasting fame) sings, "There's two things got me puzzled, there's two things I can't understand . . . That's a man-

UNITED ARTISTS



PHOTOS BY JAY BLUMENFELD

stores across the country, but, according to Chicago's *Gaylife* newspaper, the latest rages in Paris are drag and sex-change hookers from Brazil. In fact, the boy-girls are so popular, they are putting the women out of work and major violence is expected from Paris' underworld kingpins. "In a recent police raid on the Bois de Boulogne," reports *Gaylife*, "all the prostitutes taken into custody were men dressed as women. The money some earn pays for sex-change operations and then they go onto a self-managed circuit covering Europe and America. Police say the Brazilians have a strong, well-organized system." Is Paris setting another international fashion, stemming perhaps from the world-wide popularity of its *La Cage Aux Folles*? (See this issue's interview with Michel "Zaza" Serrault.)

nish actin' woman and a skippin', twistin' woman-actin' man."

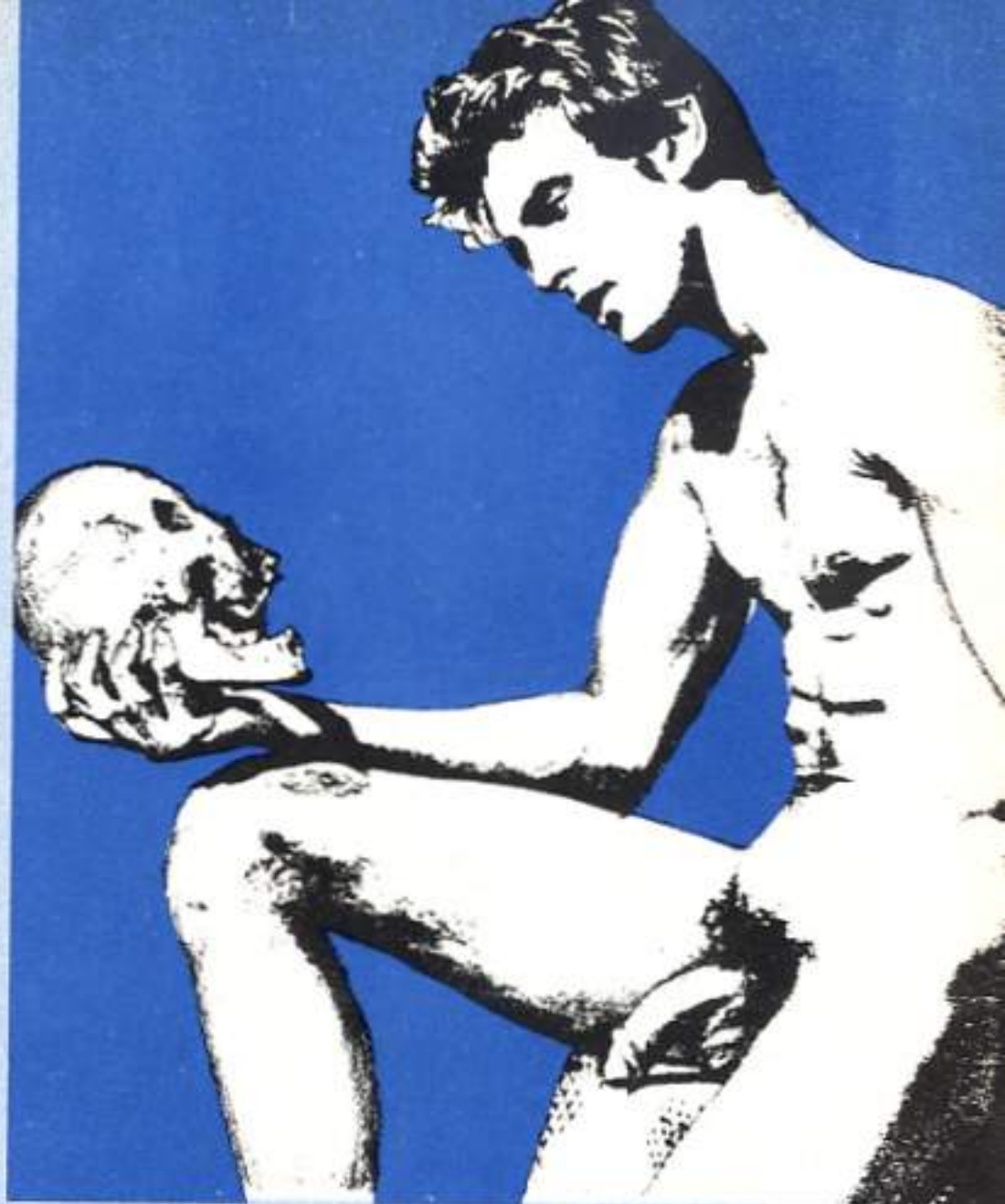
Actually, Bessie understood them both rather well. Her own bisexuality was officially revealed several years ago in a biography by jazz historian Chris Albertson, who did the excellent jacket notes for this album.

Definitely the most fascinating thing on this album (in addition to the fourteen songs) is a five-minute recorded interview with Ruby Smith, who traveled with her aunt Bessie for fourteen years. Ruby is candid to the point of being blunt, and she speaks at length about a "buffet flat" party she attended with Bessie in Detroit. A buffet flat was a house where men and women paid admission for a smorgasbord of sexual activity, which they could either watch or participate in. In Ruby's words, "They had a faggot there who was so great that people used to come there just to watch

**THE IN TOUCH MAN
PONDERS THE ETERNAL
QUESTION:** "How do I get laid tonight?" O.K., let's tackle this one scientifically:

■ A recent study indicates that one way a man cruises is by giving his intended the cold shoulder. *Self* magazine reports that doctors Timothy Pepper and Susan Fox studied flirtation patterns in 30 singles bars for 300 hours. Repeatedly, the woman would maneuver over to the man, shift her weight in his direction and brush up against him. Often the man would determinedly stare off into space, suggesting to the doctors that men freeze to appear uninterested when, in fact, just the opposite is true. And you thought this was a mind-fuck exclusive to gay guys. So here's our first answer on how to get laid tonight. When you see a cold shoulder, massage it.

■ The smile is a sign of submission; the wider the smile the more urgently the smiler is pleading with you not to hurt him. According to Professor John Ohala of Berkeley, the smile was the visual part of a vocal cry used by our ancestors to tell bigger animals: "I yield to you. I am small and insignificant. I am no threat to your position." One facet of the smile that has always intrigued scholars is the baring of the teeth—a universal sign of aggression in the animal kingdom. How did it evolve to mean submission in humans? Ohala believes that teeth are bared in a smile only incidentally. The main function was to open the mouth so a cry could be emitted; the wider the smile, the higher and more urgent



the whine. What does this mean for us? The next time some guy in the street smiles at you, don't smile back. Kiss him. This way he'll know your intentions are friendly.

■ In his book *Manwatching* (Abrams Publishers, NYC), Behavior Expert Desmond Morris says that "eye contact is held fractionally longer than usual by individuals who find their companions appealing. This extended gaze is usually performed unconsciously and its message is received in the same way. The companions are aware of the unusual warmth of the encounter but they do not analyze the signals involved."

O.K., class, what have we

learned? If he gives you the cold shoulder, he wants you. If he gives you a million-dollar smile, he's in your power. And if he stares at you a silly millimeter longer, you're giving him a hard-on of the variety termed "roaring." How can you lose? And *that* attitude—with or without snubs, smiles or winks—is what will really get you laid tonight.

P.S. This month's IN TOUCH man comes courtesy of English photog John Barrington, who for three bucks will send you a catalog of other men worth pondering. Address: 86 Castelnau, Barnes, London, S.W. 13. (England)



ILLUSTRATION BY RAY WEBSTER

him make love to another man. He'd give him a tongue bath and everything, and by the time he got around to the front, he was shakin' like a leaf. . . . I was never so excited in my life. I wanted to get with that cat, but he said it wasn't fish day." She follows this with a big black laugh that is worth the price of the record all by itself.

For information on AC/DC Blues and other "counterculture" jazz reissue albums, write to Stash Records, 106 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11215. It's a valuable history lesson, reminding us that we have always been here, and that the closet doors we are now opening weren't always so tightly closed.

—Jim Yousling



ILLUSTRATION BY MARK O.

HOW TO STUFF A WILD BIKINI:

Sunshine may increase the size of your dick, according to *Harper's Bazaar*, in which Dr. J. Meitas, a physiology professor at Michigan State, said that exposure to sunlight results in higher hormone levels and enlarged sex glands in men and women. And you thought we were only into solar energy because of some silly reason like nuclear waste rotting our vital organs. Furthermore, researchers at the University of Texas have found that prolonged darkness triggers a hormone that inhibits sexual desire (Are you listening, Mineshaft regulars?). And if that weren't enough, the Institute for Sex Research at Indiana University has determined that sexual intercourse peaks in July, during the longest day of the year.



M.G.M.

NO PEEKING!: When the ever-modest Ann-Margret spotted jiggle-jug shots of herself in *Celebrity Skin*, she stomped (ever so tastefully) off to court and sued. The boob shots had been simply lifted from the film, *Magic*; still the indignant star cried—are you ready?—invasion of privacy. The court ruled that since she had willingly bared her breasts in a motion picture seen by millions, she had no privacy left to invade. We heartily concur. We love you, Annie, and always will. We think you've had the most interesting career in Hollywood, one full of imaginative and unpredictable role choices. To which we say, thanks for the mammaries. But this latest episode to prove your modesty and taste, we find one big, boring . . . um . . . bust! And we'll just bet that our favorite kitten with a whip, Margaret Hamilton, never pulled anything like this!

—Jason Nilsson



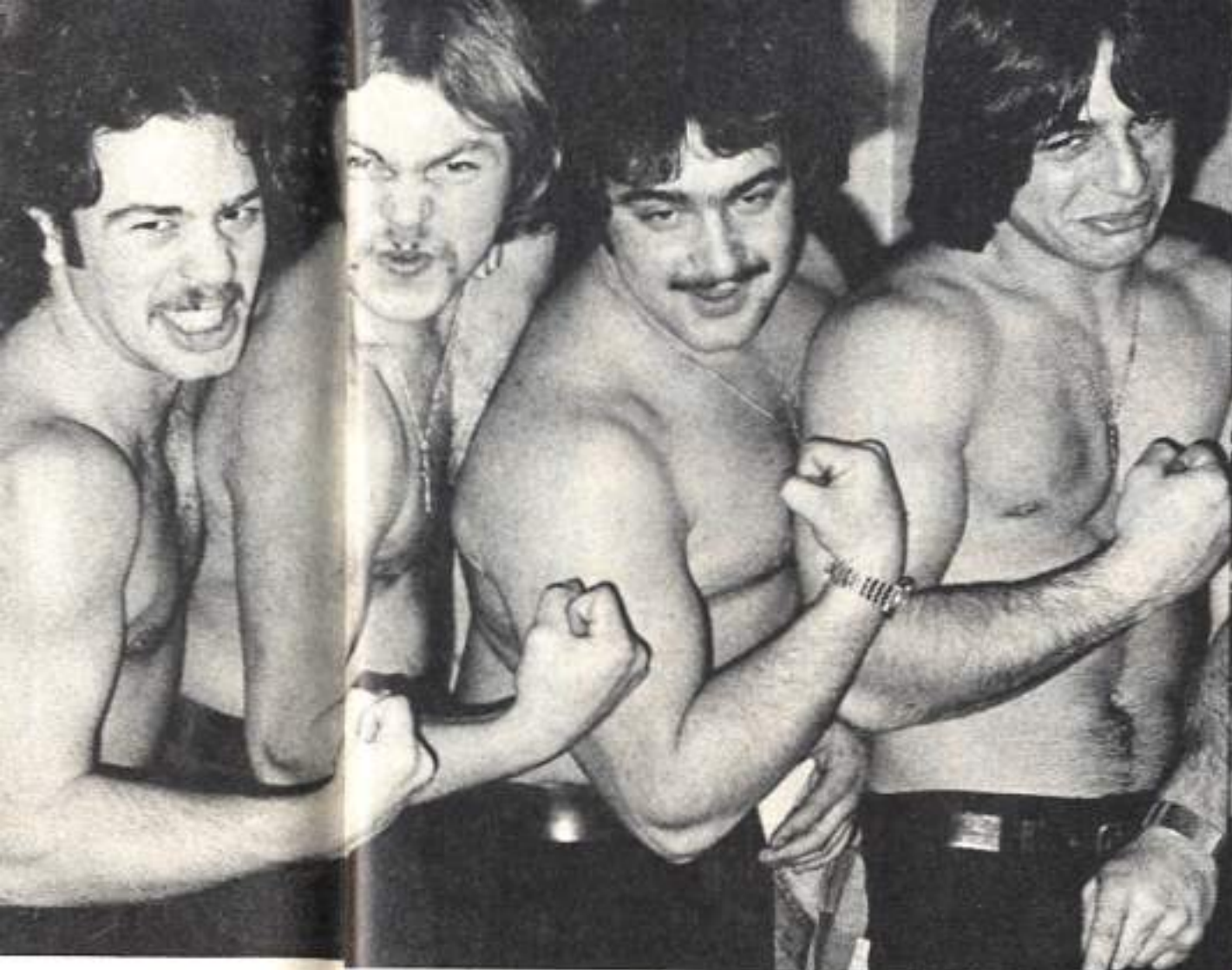
GEORGE DUDLEY

PORKYS ON PARADE: Yes, we're really going to pig out on gay rights in our next issue. We're going to pat ourselves on the back, we're going to flaunt our lifestyle, we're going to flex our muscles and send a message to whomever it may concern. We're here, we're united, we will not be intimidated. We want it all. Gay pigs? You bet your hamhocks. (This cute little critter, by the way, is available on a postcard from The American Postcard Company.) Plus, we'll have a special salute to Daddies because it's Father's Day and we're hogs for sentiment. Will you love wallowing in this? Do pigs have wings?

If you answered no, go buy *After Dark* next month. *After Dark*, you can be sure, will not breathe a word about gay rights. Will not run even one photo of a gay-pride parade, no matter how many actors without their shirts are in it. Will *After Dark* die with its secret?



UNIVERSAL PICTURES



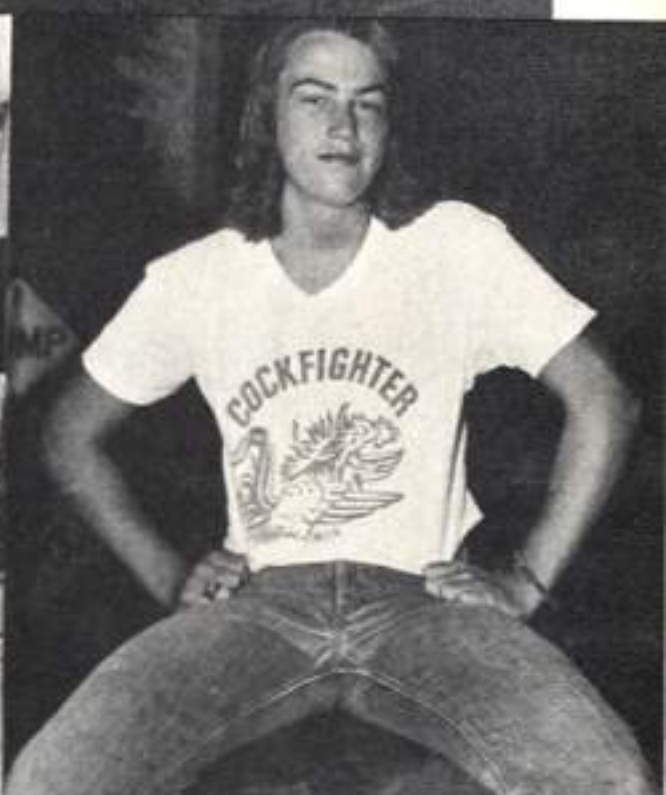
JAIL BAIT: We found this book in a remaindered book store on Hollywood Boulevard and just had to show it to you, if for no other reason than that it has a pre-*Taxi* picture of Tony Danza. (Can you spot him?) The book is called *Almost Grown* (Harmony Books, One Park Ave., NYC 10016; \$5.95) dates from 1978 and is devoted to the photos of Joseph Szabo, who "celebrates that time when we are no longer children and yet not quite adults." By the way, the shirtless Danza is the last kid in the first photo.



UNITED ARTISTS

JUST A GIGOLETTE: How could we do a Navy issue without a picture of our favorite sailorboy, Marlene Dietrich? Over there, we see Admiral Marlene and above, a recent photo from her new movie *Just a Gigolo*. The movie's release is on-again-off-again and even so it will probably only play the most arcane theaters. In it, David ("Hi, I'm Bi") Bowie stars as a German soldier shattered by World War I who returns home to find his ideals dispensable. To make ends meet, he puts his only salable commodity on the open market and goes to live with wealthy Kim Novak. Then it's on to a gigolo stud-service headed by the veiled and hatted Baroness von Dietrich. The soundtrack is somewhat redic, what with Marlene's legendary "Johnny" sung by the Manhattan Transfer and another song sung by the Village People (remember them?). But all is not lost. Marlene sings (in a fashion) "Pretty Gigolo, Unhappy Gigolo." Good or bad, David, Kim and Marlene insure that this will be a gay favorite.

—Joseph Patton



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GAY & IN THE NAVY

BY
PAT
BURKE



As a rule, gay sailors are at the top of their class, show excellent job performance and have a positive impact on morale. Yet the Navy perceives these men as a "disgrace to their country." On the contrary, it is their country that disgraces them.



GAY AND IN THE NAVY



Pat Burke is the managing editor of Update, an outstanding San Diego-based gay newspaper, where this article first appeared in a slightly different form. All names have been changed by the author and enough facts altered in each man's case to prevent their identification. The substitute facts were carefully chosen to preserve the truth, meaning and context of each story. Ship and base names, reports cited, etc., have not been altered.

To emphasize the intimidation imposed by military police on gay people, the author relates that over 70 percent of those approached for an interview either refused or would not be sufficiently candid to permit using their materials. All the author's tapes, notes and records for this article have been destroyed. All men interviewed were on active duty in the United States Navy, serving aboard ships or stations in San Diego, California.



The Navy gives boys dreams of far-away places, tall ships and courageous men. It's a decent wage, on-the-job training, hope for the future and very often an obsession.

Long hours, hard work and six-month voyages confined by sea and steel produce men who regardless of where they end up, farmer or high-rise dweller, will always be in love with the sea.

The Navy comes first.

And if you're gay . . . ?

The Navy comes first.



It's Thursday night—leather and uniform night at a San Diego gay bar. But Don Jones, a black ensign, can't go. He grits his teeth as he explains in measured words why not. He has to study, he has paperwork to do and he has to be aboard ship at 7 a.m. sharp. His boyfriend, a civilian, doesn't understand.

Ensign Jones is obsessed. A University of Miami graduate, he dreams of a command at sea, his lover and parents by his side, and congratulatory telegrams from the NAACP and the National Gay Task Force. He believes it will happen in his lifetime.

Don Jones says Navy directives that call for the discharge of homosexuals are a publicity stunt that wreak havoc with human lives and give shirkers a way out of the Navy. It's unsat.

Jones is a 5'6" bodybuilder whose sharply defined muscles ripple under

sleek, paper-thin ebony skin.

Sex at sea? The question brings a blushing, winning smile to his face. "Never entered my mind," Jones says. "But my ass has been pinched more than once at the Officer's Club."

Black history makes Jones hope the Navy will fight bigotry against gays as it fights bigotry against blacks—for the good of the service if for no other reason.

There is no particular reason for his hope. The Navy is promoting bigotry. In classes designed to teach Jones how to command a ship in combat, he must listen to this incredible sermon against homosexuals:

"The presence of such members adversely affects the ability of the armed forces to maintain discipline, good order, and morale; to foster mutual trust and confidence among servicemembers; to insure the integrity of the system of rank and command; to facilitate assignment and worldwide deployment of servicemembers who frequently must live and work under close conditions affording minimal privacy; to recruit and retain members of the armed forces; to maintain the public acceptability of military service; and to prevent breaches of security."

And, of course, if one crosses your path, you'll have bad luck all day.

Jones squirms. His men respect him; he is strict; his men reenlist—several know he is gay. When a flippant young seaman made a pass at him on deck one evening, he charged the youth with disrespect. The greatest challenge to Jones' authority is the Navy's regulation—and, perhaps, the free right-wing newspapers that litter local military bases.



David Bush, 28, is a tall, lank sailor with sparkling bedroom eyes. His frame fills out Navy dungarees by day, leather by night. He is a senior electronics technician, and the survival of his ship, a guided-missile cruiser, rests squarely on his shoulders during combat.

Bush is single now but he remembers when he had to stay aboard ship in port and his civilian lover would join him for evening movies. "Everybody on ship knows I'm gay," says Bush. "We all talk about sex, and at sea my copy of *Drummer* is stacked up in the ET (electronics) shop with the other guys' *Playboys* and *Penthouses*." His commanding officer disregards the Navy's anti-gay policy.

Bush wasn't always so open. He was facing whether to reenlist or leave the Navy (which would mean breaking up with his lover) when he just decided, "What the hell!" This attitude has worked for him. He says bigots keep their mouths shut—and a low profile—around him.

But what if his next commanding officer proves to be intolerant? No comment. Bush dismisses the thought, but not so completely that he doesn't casually

mention how much money he could make at Honeywell or General Dynamics.

If the Navy actually discharged all homosexuals, Bush is certain, the fleet would be paralyzed for months. Both he and Ensign Jones believe that 15 percent of the Navy is gay. The Kinsey Report found that 13.95 percent of the male population is gay. Ten percent is a rough average for women and men combined. Both men would put the figure higher for Navy women.

Not only is Bush the only openly gay man aboard his ship, he is very possibly the only openly gay man in the Navy! He is certain that five of his shipmates are also gay because they shun him at the West Coast Production Company, a major gay disco in San Diego. But he believes there are more. Consequently, his close friends aboard ship are all straight. They back him up and he depends on them.

"If only we could all turn green," mumbles Bush (echoing something he heard in a men's rap session at San Diego's Gay Center.) "If only we could all come out of the closet at once."

Unlike homosexuals in the Army, few gay Navy men report close-knit, mutually supportive gay communities aboard ships and at shore stations. A major exception is the Navy's 5000-man attack aircraft carriers, whose gay communities have been known to rent entire apartment complexes on returning from a long voyage. But such carriers are only a dozen ships out of nearly 500.



Yeoman Martin Perry, 33 and looking 23, stands a lean 5'11" with curly red hair and a blossoming, barbershop-quartet moustache. Although the moustache is very military looking, it's too long for Navy regulations; he has had to cut it off several times.

Perry never had a lover. His gay friends are the regulars at a favorite bar. Great Outdoors, a gay camping and hiking group, is helping expand his social life. Recently his supervisor made an even better offer:

"Are you gay?" Perry's chief asked.

Heart in his mouth, Perry wondered if it was a pass or a purge. Still, Perry answered "Yes." And the chief set him up with the guy next door.

The Navy can be a remarkably close family. The chief knew of Perry's frequent excursions to gay bars from fellow chiefs at Perry's previous duty station, the Pentagon. In fact, his regular excursions to Washington's gay bar district were observed and well-known. Unknown to Perry, his career and retirement had been in the hands of cognizant heterosexual co-workers for more than three years. Still only an inch out of the closet, Perry now knows why offensive fag jokes are never told in his office. And that makes him feel good—though he was thrown for a

moment recently when after a promotion, one of his co-workers said, "How do you like being frocked." (Frocking is promotion with the pay-increase delayed up to a year to save money.) Conscientiously, Perry has made himself financially secure. Income property would be a good investment for him—except that a disgruntled tenant might someday turn him in to the Navy as a homosexual. That's how Air Force Sergeant Harold Bryant lost his 13-year career a few months ago.



Corpsman Tim Phillips, 22, a strapping 5'6" with vivid sky-blue eyes, becomes visibly apprehensive at the thought of anyone at the Naval hospital where he works knowing he's gay. For him, work and social life are totally separate. He knows of no other gays at work, though when he says this, eyebrows rise. Navy medicine is reputed to be a gay-owned and gay-operated branch of the Navy. Tim may just not have caught on yet. He's only been in the service six months. If he is ever asked at the job if he is gay—usually not seriously (although we should not dismiss the possibility of an open pass)—he comes back with an immediate cruel put-down: "Why, do you want to take me out tonight!" Like Yeoman Martin Perry above, Tim Phillips is not effeminate but fits a very affectionate Castroite machismo image.

However, should he catch VD in the wrong place, he may not merely find himself unmasked, he may see how vicious some Navy personnel can be. An executive officer of the U.S.S. Sterret, for instance, discovered that a new man was gay when he read his medical record, which listed the rear location of a venereal infection. According to the San Diego County Human Relations Commission which was later called into the case, the officer then told key crew members, who began verbal and physical assaults on the man. Later the executive officer had the man discharged for being involved in fights aboard ship. In each case of violence against gays, records, examined by the Commission, show some form of command sanction.



Most people who get a gay discharge from the Navy request it. Whether their decision stems from immaturity or anger is irrelevant. With few exceptions, their records show excellent job performance and a positive impact on morale.

About four sailors are discharged from the Navy every day for being gay—despite the fact that they usually have been trained for highly technical, top-of-their-class type jobs. The loss to the taxpayer is maybe \$50 million a year, probably more.

Currently, we are seeing "witch hunts." The most publicized case, the U.S.S.

Norton Sound, arose when Naval investigators, looking for a gang of drug peddlers, asked crew members to vote on who they thought were homosexual. Over two dozen women won the election.

A recent Commission report noted a Navy Catholic chaplain who violated the confidentiality of the confessional (a terrible and almost unheard of sin for Catholic priests) violated it to expose and discharge gay sailors.

Technically, the Uniform Code of Military Justice forbids violations of privacy, tolerating or inciting harassment, abuse of authority, provoking speech or gestures, verbal abuse, humiliation and attempted or threatened bodily injury. However, there is no indication that this code is enforced when gays are the victims. In fact, the Navy is riddled with such violations, from the case of the U.S.S. Sterret's executive officer right down to the homophobic obscenities of a boot-camp instructor. Indeed, in examining Navy punishments for harassment of gays, out of several hundred cases seen at a San Diego counseling service, the strongest punishments were one oral reprimand and one written reprimand.

Furthermore, gays are seldom the violators of the Uniform Code. It is true that tales of tearooms and public sex on base and ship make titillating copy in metro newspapers and gay sex magazines. But as the Navy alleges, sailors must "live and work (together) under close conditions affording minimal privacy,"—be they straight or gay. With 100 young studs in their sexual prime, a third of whom have had sex with a man, sleeping together virtually naked in a small room aboard ship, privacy isn't walls or separate johns—it's raw respect. Sexual misconduct is rare.



If the Navy suddenly changed its policy, Nick Stone and Gary Higgins might well be just another Navy family.

In Nick Stone's eight-year career, he has become an E-6 Petty Officer, earned a Ph.D. in psychology and slept closer to more beautiful men than ever happened at a bath house. Stone has spent almost half his eight Navy years on shore duty, in itself incredible. For the past two years, he has been teaching in Navy schools. His staggering physique is no accident. He's a Seal, one of those elite underwater-swimmer commandos—close-knit center-fold men who train each other's bodies to do the impossible. And when they sleep together, they sleep naked—it's a Seal tradition.

His lover, Gary Higgins, is a civilian high school teacher, who has never been in the Navy. Their union two years ago was the work of a matchmaking bartender—a gay yenta.

At 32, Petty Officer Stone's towering frame sports a soft hairy coat, topped with

short black hair and deep-set eyes. One of his broad, thick hands usually grips Higgins' forearm or rests on Higgins' long thighs.

Physically, they look like a matched pair, although Higgins, 27, is blond, with a contrasting brown moustache. At 6'2", he is an inch taller than his lover. Seated on a stool, Gary Higgins' civilian chest carves bold, straight creases in his T-shirt. Nick and Gary are devoted to each other. Their friends dote on them.

Since doing this interview, they have left for Japan. As with thousands of heterosexual couples, the Navy is paying Higgins' way during Stone's overseas assignment.

Officially the Navy is unaware of any pro-family policies for gay couples. But Stone hammered out some new policies of his own through careful but tough negotiations with Navy brass. As a result, Higgins is working as a high school teacher for Navy dependants in Japan. Their furniture and clothing were shipped to Japan by the Navy.

Petty Officer Stone says the only "problem" he ever had about being gay in the Navy arose during a stint with Seal Team One. He was an instructor and one day a student named Thompson caught his eye. Stone invited the young Seal to his Coronado Island apartment for a beer, an invitation with unlimited potential.

At home, gazing over a blazing sunset that shot the sky up in red, student Thompson turned to Stone and asked, "Has being gay ever been a problem for you in the Navy?"

"No," answered Stone. "How about you?"

"Oh, I'm not gay," said Thompson, deflecting the pass. In the months ahead, Thompson remained all too secure in his heterosexuality. Still he was determined to drive his teacher up the wall. He began leaving his shirt unbuttoned in Stone's classroom, his bronzed pectorals and abdominals sometimes flexing "involuntarily" as they lay stacked atop tight pants. He'd let his cock and balls dangle slightly below his gym shorts—always catching his teacher's eye with an ear-to-ear grin. Often Stone would have to teach class from one side of the room where at least part of Thompson would be out of sight.

They remained friends. Somehow, though, it wasn't the same as swimming, showering or sleeping together in the buff. Thompson, for his part, delighted in being a sexbomb... but Stone wonders if women are really ready for Thompson!

When Nick and Gary's two-year tour in Japan is over, they are calling the Navy quits. Despite a large pay raise from Congress this year, Stone says inflation has slashed his real income 40 percent. It's strictly economics.

They will leave Japan for their chicken ranch in Florida. Stone and Higgins think (Continued on page 29)

Hello, Sailor!

A SALUTE TO THE BOYS IN BLUE

by Bill Sufleski



Let us now praise sailors. There is an old Navy saying: Once you've been in the Navy, you can never get the smell of bellbottoms out of your nose. This goes double for gay sailors. I know. I was a naval radioman during the Vietnam period; now I live in a harbor city on the southern New England coast. I write this as I sit at the harbor with my fisherman's sweater on and the sky a battleship grey. I've got Eugene O'Neill fog in my eyes, clam chowder in my gullet... and sailors up the ass.

They are everywhere. Teams and streams of sailors, docking and embarking and passing through my life. The maritime flavor here is stronger even—or so it seems to me—than San Diego, the ultimate

Sailor Town. Of course, these men are Atlantic sailors, who must plow the treacherous viscissitudes of the Old Ocean, that cold Atlantic that generally tends to wear on and seep into everything it touches. Study these pictures (most came from the collection of two of my friends). They are all Atlantic salts, exuding a sense of seafaring that is as dense as granite.

Why is the Navy so hopelessly tied up with the notion of male love? How many thousands of boys have joined the Navy precisely to make contact with that aspect of themselves? We see sailors always through a romantic storm-haze. Tormented on land, lonely at sea, they are bonded to their mates by an intense devotion. It is a devo-

tion that must always appear rugged, swaggering and cuss-riddled so as to disguise its true tenderness and poignancy. The notion of male love is at the heart of everything Navy. Take, for instance, these naval aphorisms: The boot-camp reveille cry: "Reveille, reveille. Drop your cock and grab your socks. Reveille, reveille." Or the order to cue up in instant formation: "Alright, you guys, butt hole to bellybutton!"

There are two kinds of sailors. Short-timers and lifers. For the short-timer, the Broadway-musical world of the Navy is but a brief mythological experience. This squid will often speak loudly about the Navy in terms of "benefits" which are never enough for him or which were his only

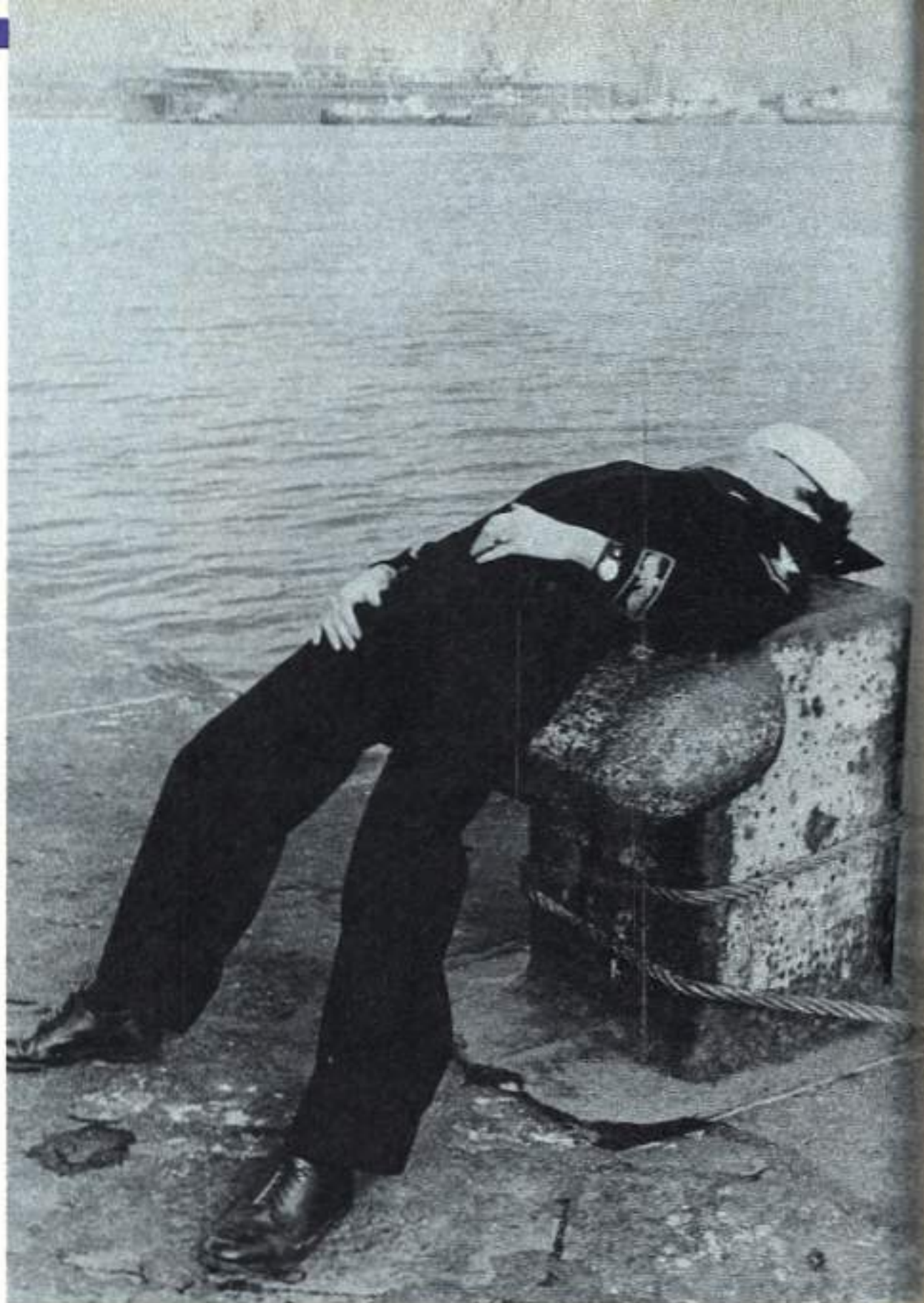
inducement for doing something as insane as joining. Some of these sailors are changed in subtle, positive ways by their hitch; others are ruined by its temporary security. In any case, their experience ends in a discharge—or perhaps a surprise, unwitting, watery death, claimed by an earth force they never understood or loved.

The lifer, on the other hand, is the sailor who was born with seawater in his veins. He is accursed of God and man... or else he is a dreamer, a stoic angelic creature with a virtuous sensuality and a dynamite set of buns. This, of course, is the sailor you and I and every other of "our kind" find the most fatal, enchanting and thorough. The sailor who is the sea. ■■

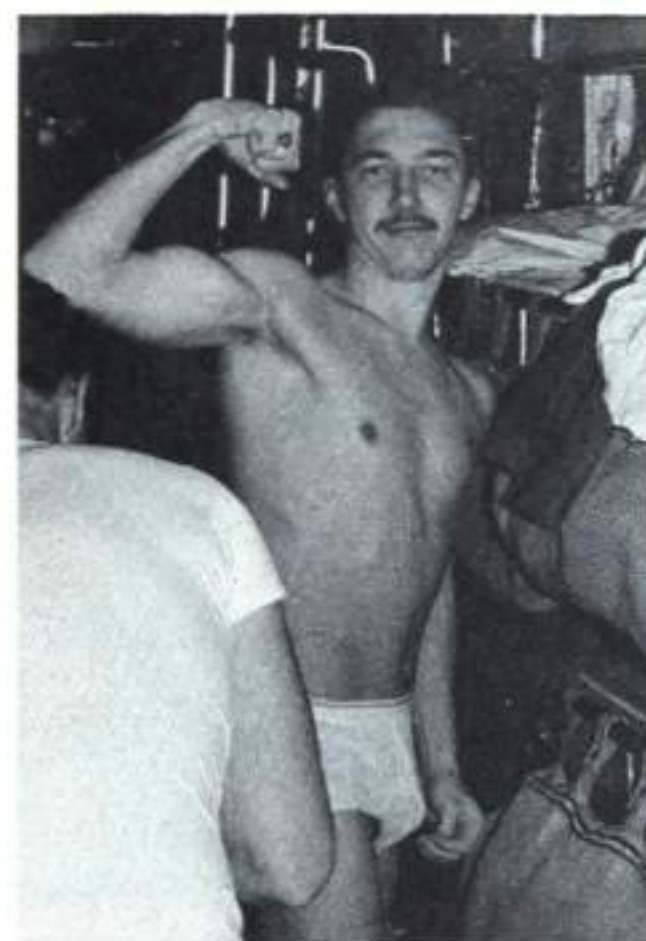
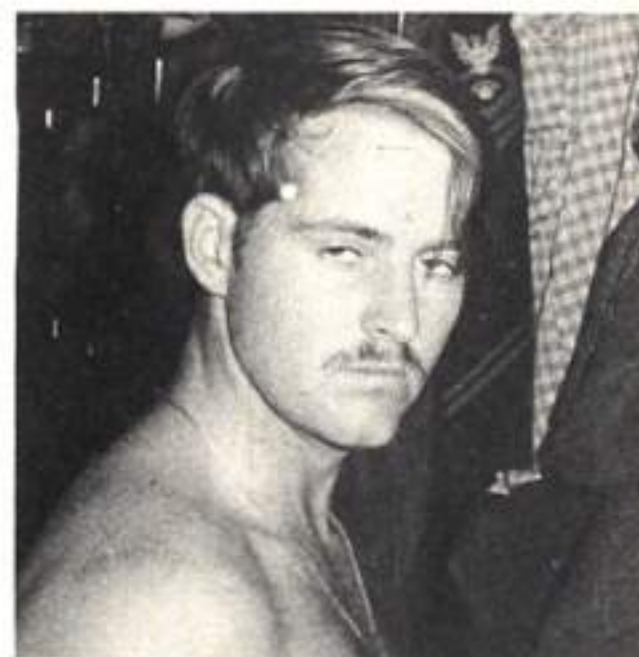


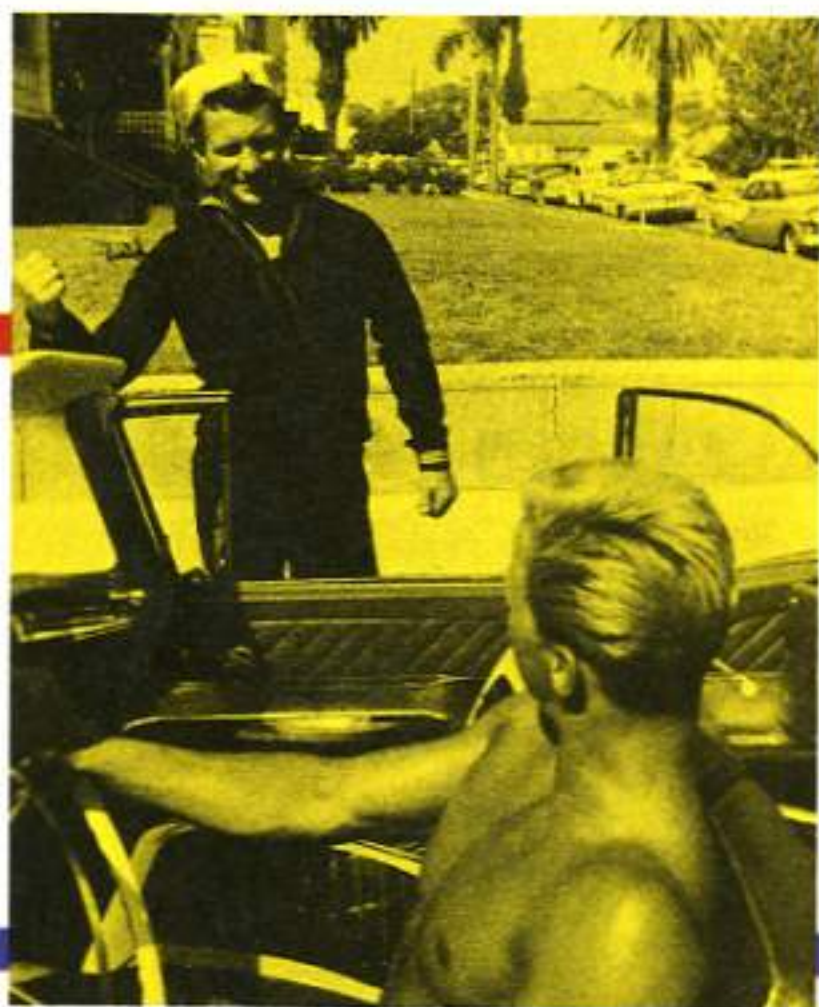
Let us now salute the 13 buttons on the naval flap, each button standing for one of the original 13 colonies. Let us salute the exquisite suspense of undoing those buttons one by one—with our teeth. Let us salute the naval sense of humor, bordering so securely on high-school notions of phallic weapons and bathroom puns.





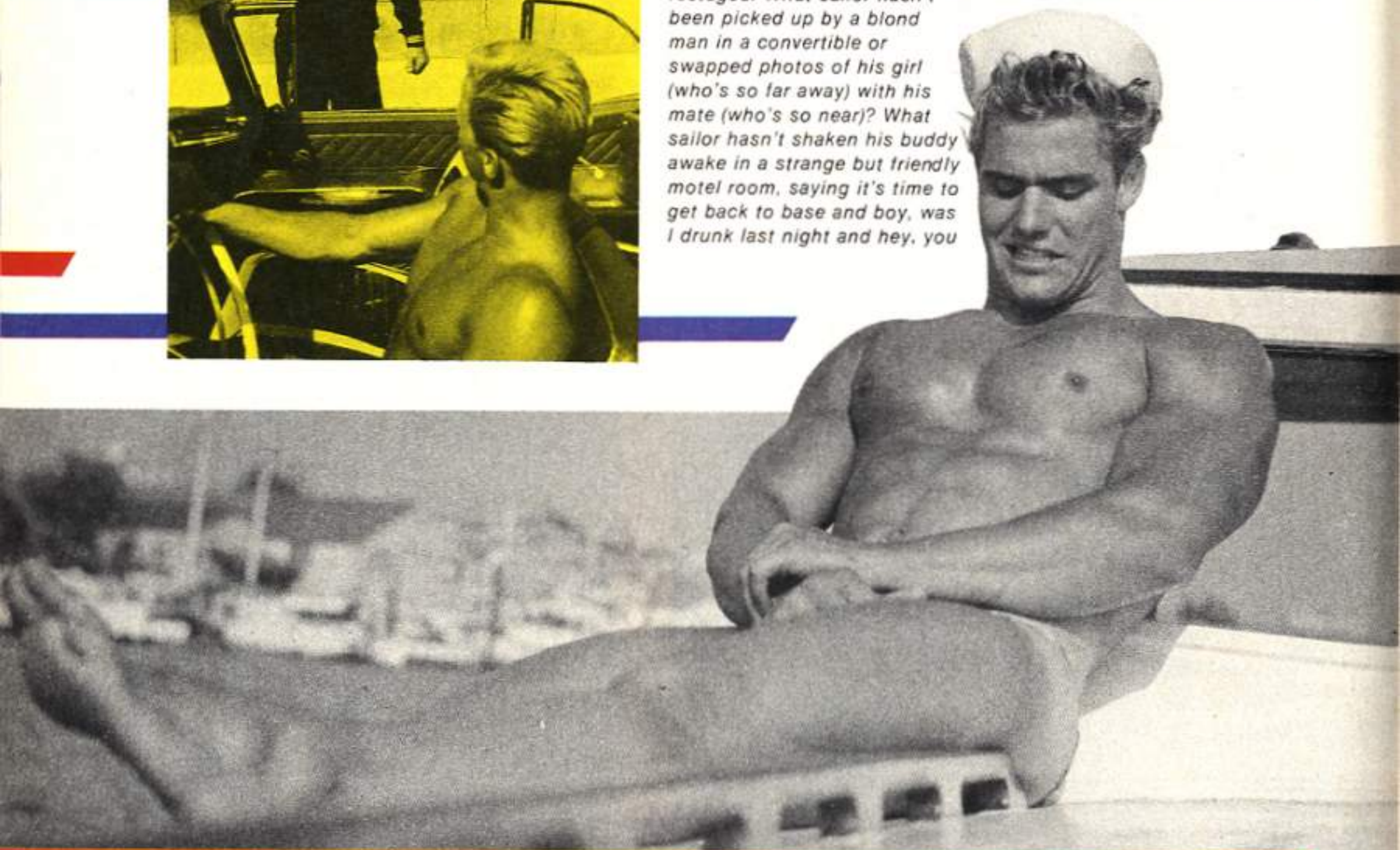
Let us now salute the horniness of sailors. Those hard-ons that spring up while catching a few rays in their wool pants or maybe just when they're in their skivvies and climbing up into submarine berths. Let us salute the sailor uniform, which is wholesome even when it rides a motorcycle or when it drops around the calves in a bathroom stall while a mate catches 40 winks—and maybe some fun. Let us salute the all-American goodness in the smile of a sailor as he hunches up in his wintery peacoat.





Let us now salute sailors as they exist in fantasy. Hired right off the boat to pose in photos that bring happiness to millions. The sailors and situations are real; it is only the moments that are being restaged. What sailor hasn't been picked up by a blond man in a convertible or swapped photos of his girl (who's so far away) with his mate (who's so near)? What sailor hasn't shaken his buddy awake in a strange but friendly motel room, saying it's time to get back to base and boy, was I drunk last night and hey, you

used up all the amy! And what nude model hasn't put on a sailor cap and looked, if not authentic, then at least as tangy as a lobster dinner? ■■



(Continued from page 23)

they'll make more money as chicken farmers than as a Navy couple, or as a psychologist and teacher. They'll have more time for each other and they'll still be close to the sea.



Last October, the U.S. Federal Appeals Court in San Francisco ruled that Navy exclusionary policies toward gays "have a basis in fact and are not conjectural."

The Navy is homophobic, certainly; but the harassment is no longer unchecked. In fact, there may be reason to suspect that there is a high-level, though somewhat invisible, movement against these ignominious practices that have resulted in so much bad press for the Navy recently.

Item: An admiral selectee quietly resigned from the service in San Diego after failing to convict a junior officer of homosexuality two years ago. Item: A number of ship's commanding officers have similarly ended their career after a homophobic fling. Item: the U.S.S. Norton Sound's commanding officer's career was being widely discussed as soon as the scandal broke.

The Navy's only claim substantiating its anti-gay policy is that the majority of junior officers and enlisted personnel are bigoted. (Similar circular reasoning was used when blacks were segregated into all-black regiments.) The obscene fact of the matter is that the Navy perceives men like Jones, Bush, Perry, Phillips and Stone as a "disgrace to their country."

But the feeling is mutual.

When a career aviator who was recently promoted to full commander was asked how he would describe the Navy's policy toward gays, he said it all in one word: "Intimidating."

Officially, the Navy does not retain any gay people. In fact, there are an estimated 9,000 gay Navy personnel at Camp Pendleton alone and an estimated 15,000 in the central San Diego area.

But it's all a matter of estimating because if any of these men and women were to exercise free speech, go dancing at the wrong time or even seek medical treatment from the wrong doctor for the wrong problem, the consequences range from officially tolerated verbal abuse to officially tolerated physical abuse to an immediate discharge—the discharge most likely less than honorable, robbing the gay person of all his hard-earned benefits, a discharge, in fact, which he will only be able to upgrade through the help of an attorney.

Good men, thousands of them homosexual, will continue to fall in love with the sea and join the Navy. But if you're gay, you sail a perilous sea where it is always night and where those who sail under your banner purposely hide themselves and are seen too late for support, if at all.

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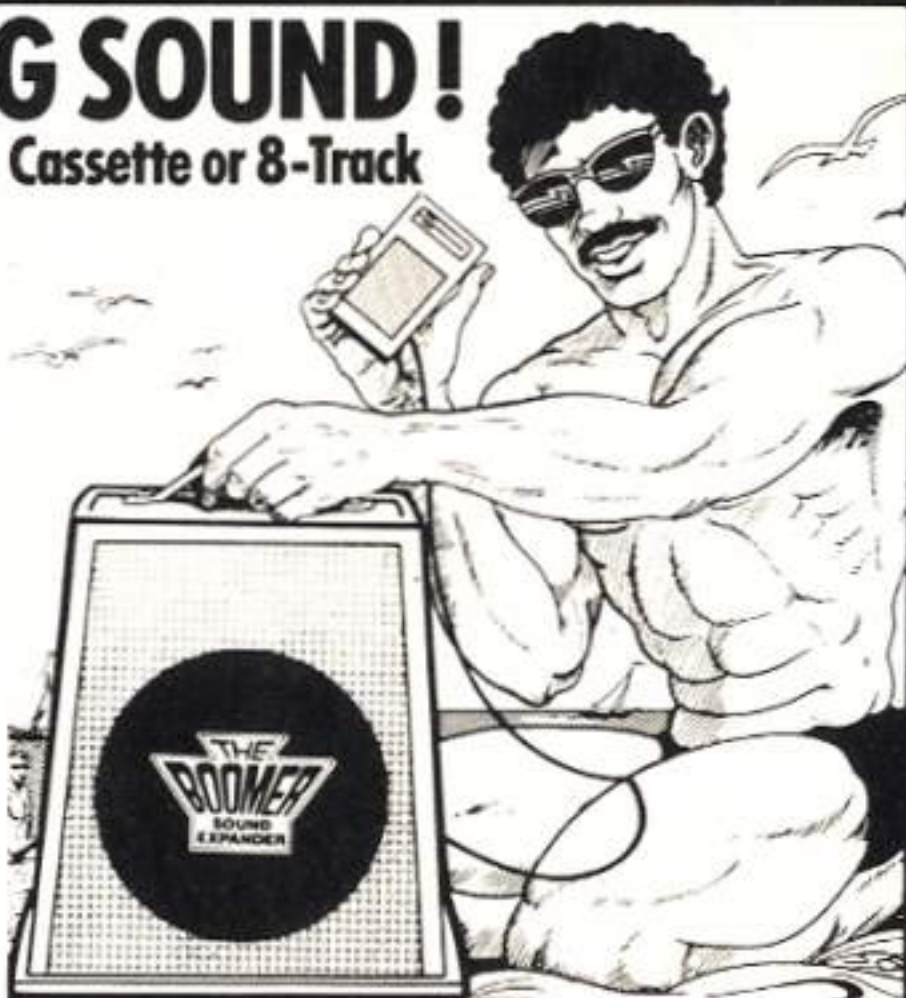
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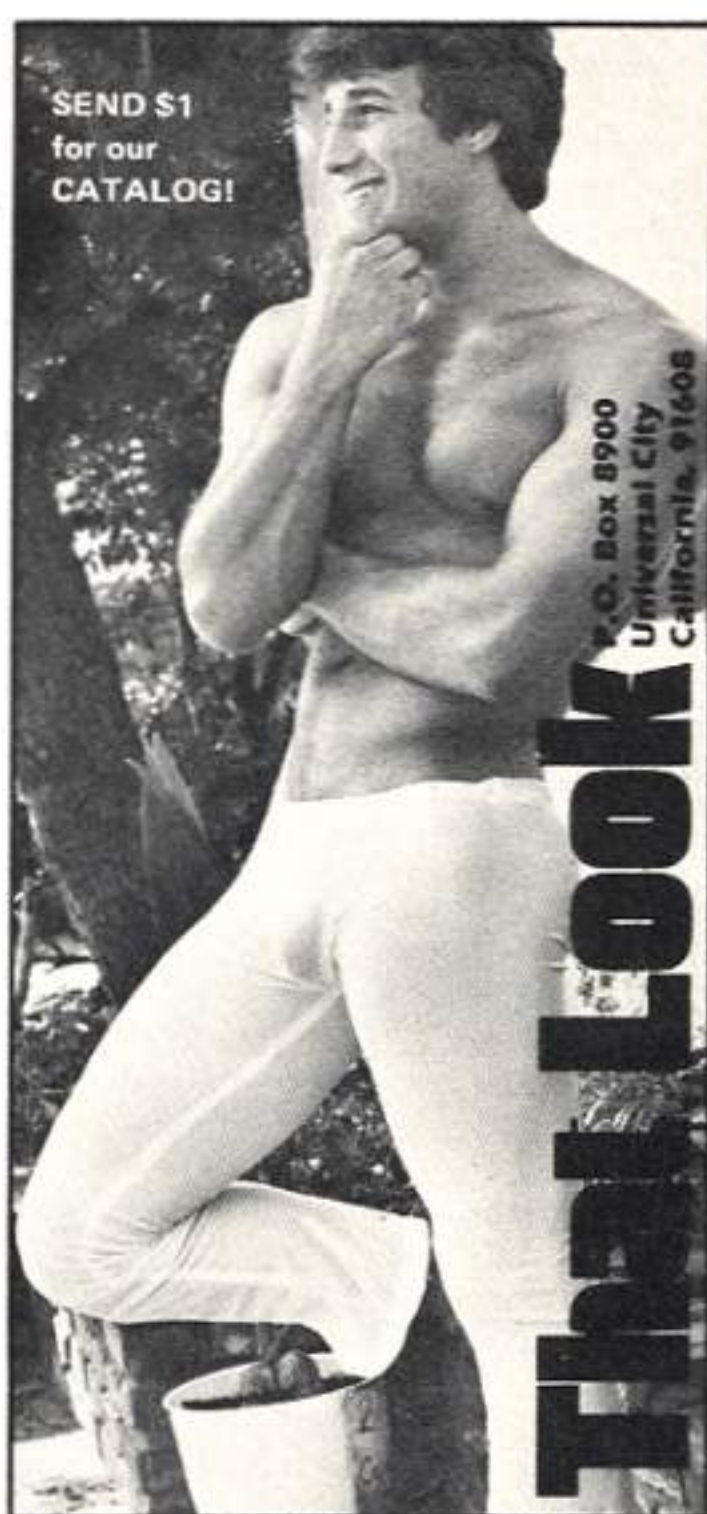
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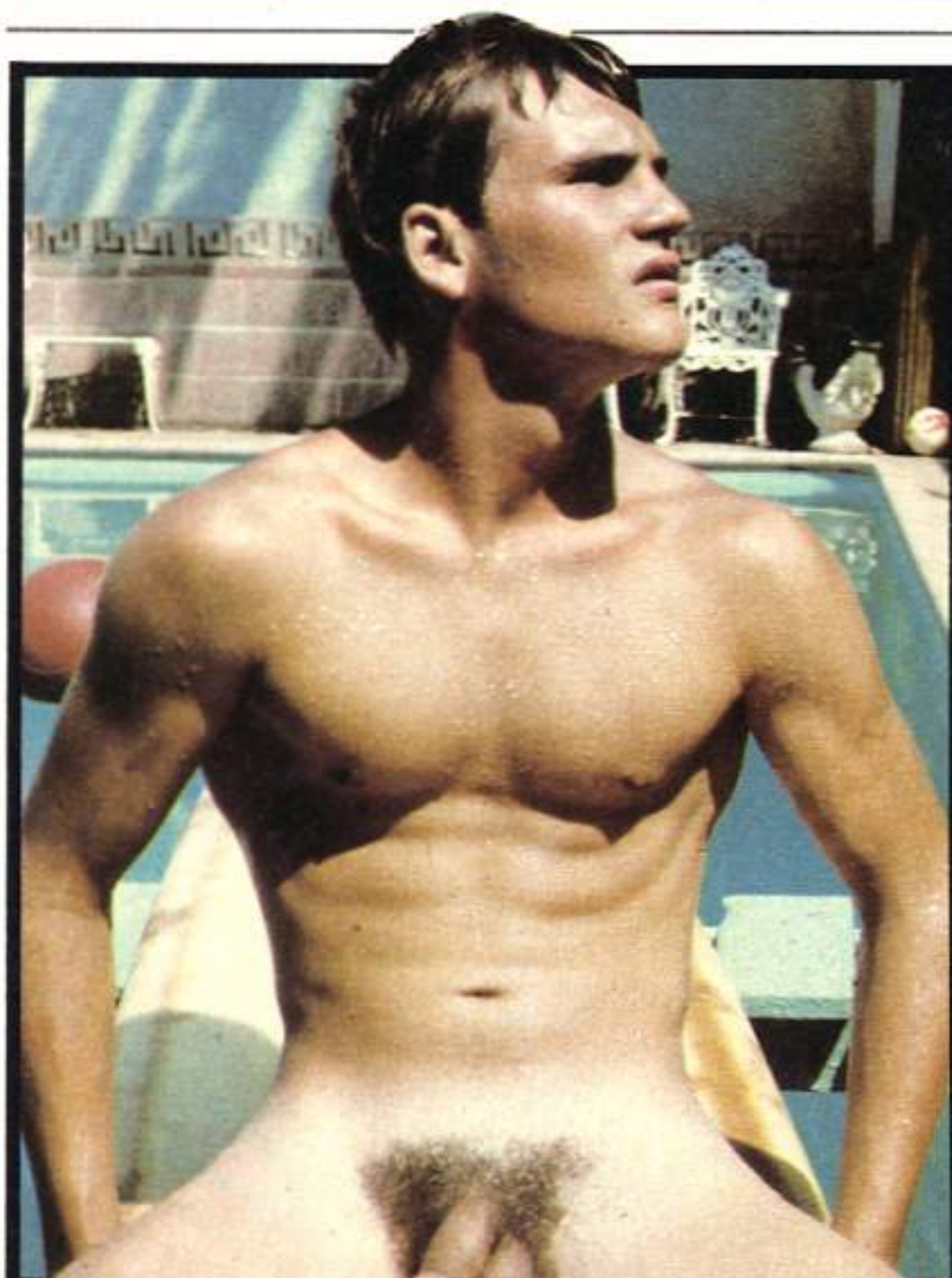
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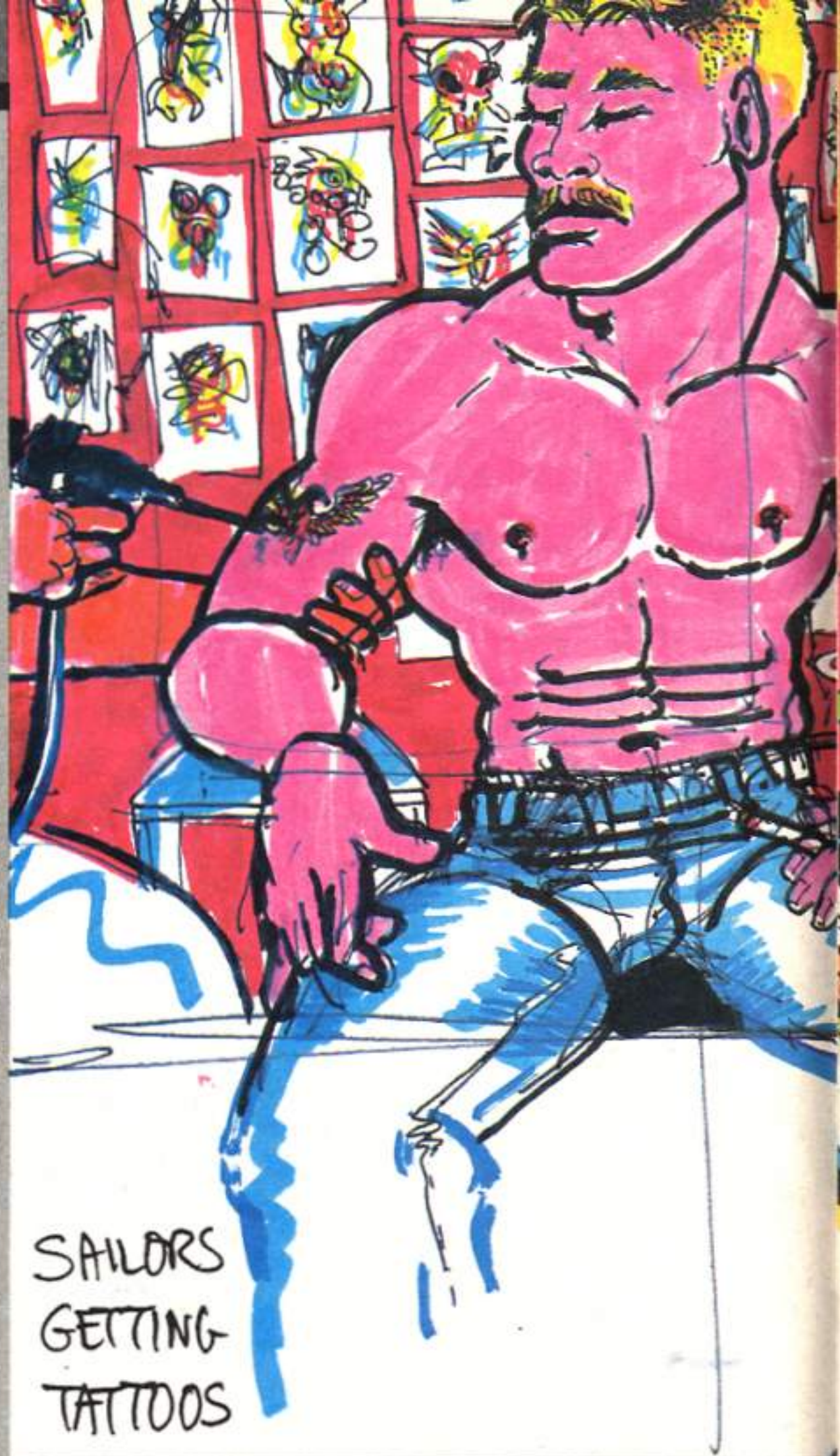
I had my first experience with sailors when I was ten. Living in Lomita, California near the naval harbor of Long Beach, I woke up one morning and entered the living room. The couch, the chair, the entire floor was draped with sleeping, snoring sailors, some still in white uniform, others in underwear—their uniforms neatly folded in small packets beside them. My mother had met the boys at the Good Luck Cafe, the bar where she worked, and invited them to spend the night at our house, much to the consternation of my father.

I hadn't even reached puberty. Yet I was fascinated by the formfitting architecture of the sailor uniform. I remember a distinct military smell. It was the aroma of male cleanliness, soap and cologne but underlining it the faint whiskey breath of boys who didn't know when to say no.

I left Lomita when I grew up and moved to Hollywood. Came out, went the gay-bar route and forgot all about sailors. Then one day a good friend of mine, John, came back from San Diego in a state. He described it as a sailor paradise. He encouraged me to go there. And so I did, opening—or perhaps reopening—a vivid chapter in my life.

John had made a couple of trips beforehand and had established a hospitable relationship with a full-fledged sailor queen who had a great system working for him. Once a sailor himself, Tom had set up an incredible house that sailors flocked to. His bait was a constant supply of drugs—good stuff, not cheap, but free if he liked you and you were in the Navy. Gobs who came to buy their weekend stash oft times wound up in Tom's bed.

I first entered Tom's house under the best of all circumstances—a party. Actually, it was a party being given by the girl



SAILORS
GETTING
TATTOOS

upstairs but there was a constant flow back and forth of sailors, sailors and more sailors. Tom's house with its bonanza of pot, coke and beer was where the real action would go down. But I've jumped ahead a bit. I have to tell you about my arrival in San Diego on the Greyhound bus where, at the terminal, I got my first close-up of a sailor after so many years and came face to face with a long forgotten desire that has now become, well, one of my ruling obsessions. He sat, seemingly trapped, in one of those television chairs common to bus stations—the screen threatening to swallow his open-mouthed face. I somehow knew he was a sailor although he was not dressed in the famous "crackerjack" uniform (that's the uniform

Illustrations by
Jerry Mills



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you see on the boy on the box of Crackerjacks, the kind Popeye wears and any sailorboy in a play by Tennessee Williams.) What identified him as a sailor was his haircut and his attire. His hair, which was the color of the orange Levi stitch, was un-teenagerishly short, parted in the middle with shocks going off to either temple while the sides had been shaved away and the back graduated to mere bristles. He was a hayseed Howdy Doody who was as otherworldly to a city boy like me as a visitor from Mars might be—or one from Iowa, which may easily have been where this pink chunk of boy was from. I was amused to note that the show he was watching so gosh-darn-bewilderedly was *The Beverly Hillbillies*.

What really struck me, though, was that when I was ten years old, sailors looked like such men to me; now that I was a man, they looked like ten-year-olds.

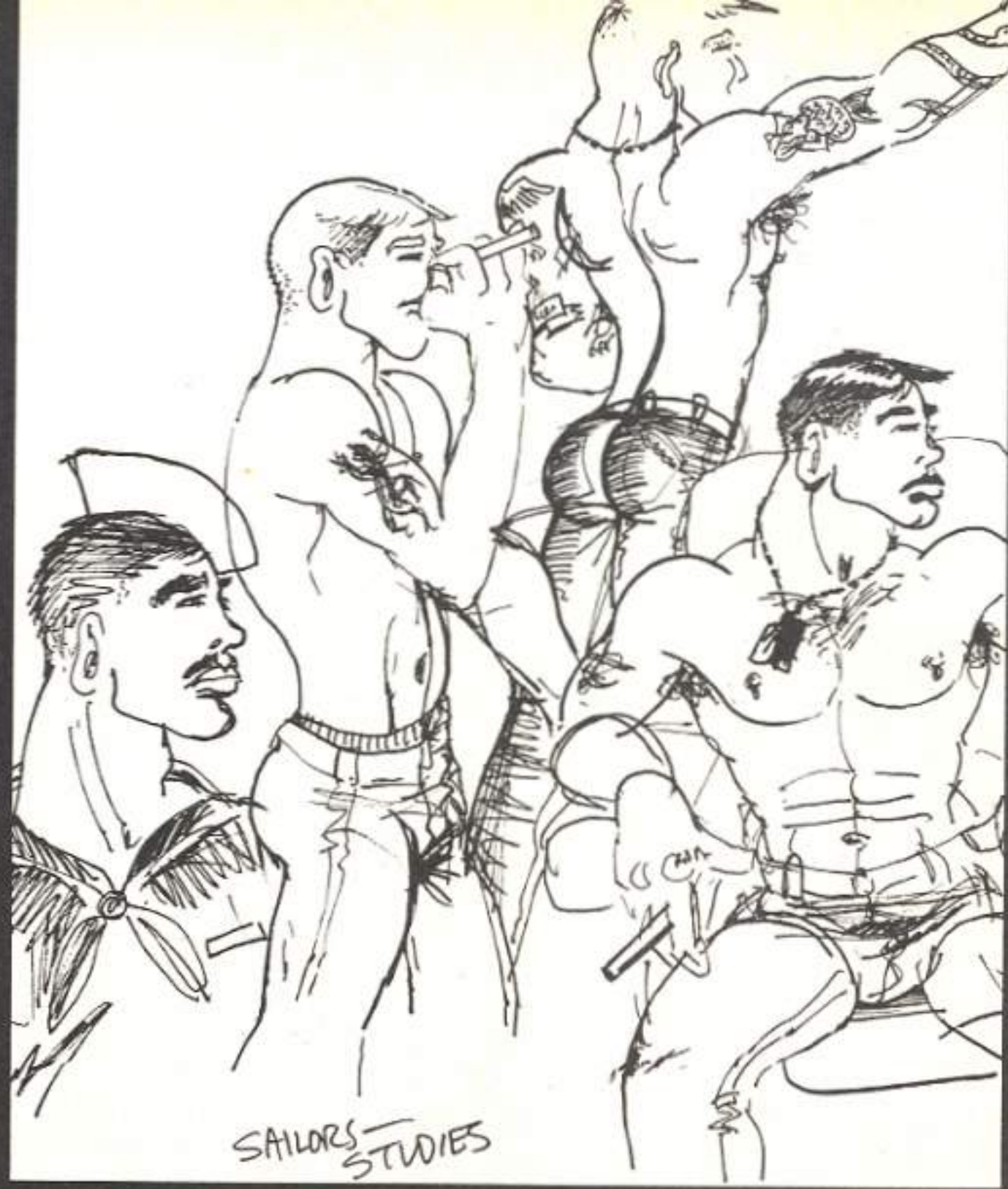
I was picked up at the terminal by my friend, John, and Michael, a punked-out artist with miles of style. They gave me the sailor queen's tour of Broadway, San Diego's main artery. With no exaggeration I saw some of the most beautiful boys I have ever seen in my life on those sidewalks. Long and lanky is the sailor body. Eighteen to 25, blondes, carrot-tops, what have you—all with those marvelously stylized naval haircuts and those jeans that fit the contours of their upturned meaty asses with mathematical precision.

I missed the crackerjacks. There was a recent ruling that had made the wearing of this famous uniform optional off base. Given the choice, most sailors resorted to their roots, which was pure farmboy: bib-front jeans, denim shirts with flower-print yokes and the occasional cowboy hat. Yet somewhere always was the touch of the sea. It might be a wave pattern or an anchor design on the butt pockets of their jeans, or a belt made of nautical cord. And no matter in what material, from denim to dress-up formal, their pants were always, always bell bottoms.

Military boys buzzed around the forum steps of the Servicemen's Y.M.C.A. So notorious were the shenanigans in those shower rooms that one sailor, a wise-eyed gay kid, called the Y the "French Embassy."

We visited tattoo parlors (particularly interesting to me because I am primarily an illustrator) where muscular, bare-chested boys, all pink, submitted to the pain of the illustrating needles with a stony—or was it a stoned?—obliviousness. Few sailors were without a tattoo. Often the boy had nothing more than a classic black panther, with claws drawing ink blood as it stalked up a defined arm. Others were as marked as a high-school artist's notebook. I would discover in time how much sailors loved to show their inkings off, peeling right down to the pubes at the merest encouragement.

John and Michael took me for a drink at a hotel bar that thought it was being



campy by decking itself out, top to bottom, in World War II memorabilia, complete with blow-ups of Ann Sheridan, Jane Wyman (!), framed *Life* covers, Camel ads featuring four male models dressed in the regalia of the four branches of the service. But with two authentic sailors in full crackerjack sitting next to us, you could believe that World War II was still raging, at least on the streets of San Diego. The military had not changed over the years at all. For all practical purposes, you could be sitting next to your father. It was like being in a fabulous time warp. I was surrounded by walking, talking Forties and Fifties porno fetishes in the Technicolor flesh.

Returning to the car, we saw two drunken sailor farmboys leaning on each other and yelling hornily at passing cars: "Hey girls! Boys! Whatever!" This was a portend of things to come. We piled into the car and drove to the party.

MY FIRST SAILOR

His name was so Scandinavian you could see the word "fjord" lighting up over his head. I am altering it only slightly (for his protection) when I tell you his name was Kraig Kolson. That's right, Kraig with a K. He was the roommate of the girl upstairs, the girl who was throwing the party. Kraig was a quiet, big-eyed boy with blond, Navy-cut hair. I was attracted to him imme-

diately. He seemed friendly—and yet always distant. He had an off-and-on drug problem, I was to learn, and was at this point in his life making a decision as to whether he should declare his homosexuality to the Navy. He couldn't hack it for another year when his time would be up.

The straightness of the gay sailor is so overwhelmingly straight and was then so exotic to me that for a while I had trouble getting my bearings. Kraig seemed to flirt and then not to flirt at all. Long looks, but bland conversation without even a hint of innuendo. Meanwhile, the real sailor love story was raging elsewhere in the room, between a big bruiser named Bruce and his lanky, sexy sidekick, Howard. Bruce was a big-armed hull technician recently sprung from the service and Howard was a sailor gone "U.A." (Unauthorized Absence.) They lived together, but with one catch: Howard's wife and infant son. Bruce was a self-declared gay with a solid string of one-night stands every night behind him. Howard was just beginning to deal with his feelings and he wore a mournful Southernboy expression. It was a point of honor with Bruce not to get it on with the married Howard, no matter how much they both panted after each other's asses. Howard, of course, being the heavier panther, himself a virtual virgin with men (a situation Kraig—my Kraig!—had changed just the night before when he in his heavy-

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moving, methodical way spirited Howard off to a gay baths, or as Kraig called it "the jacuzzi in Ocean Beach.") But as dour as Howard was, Bruce was full of fun and ultra-expansive. Now running a gas station, he had few kind words for the Navy. When I learned of his sexual preference (when giving directions he liked to say, "Well, you just drive straight—I mean, forward"), I was amazed. Nothing about this beefy, power-packed bull tipped his hand. It was a whole different kind of homosexuality. A homosexuality without gayness. San Diego sailors taught me to suspend all clichés about sexual labeling. Gay sailors frequently swaggered about two-fistedly with don't-tread-on-me attitudes while straight sailors were shy, naive and easy to bed. This, needless to say, shot to pieces all my concepts on what was what. I think if somebody had told me at the party that the world was secretly flat, I would have replied, "I don't doubt it."

Because the party was a week before Halloween, everybody was told to wear a costume. A lot of the sailors didn't, and so it was decreed that they had to be subjected to Michael's punk make-overs from out of his grab-bag of make-up and baubles. A lot of the sailors ended up simply in their jockey shorts and black socks. (Michael was no fool.) But the costume he designed for Bruce and Howard was satanically ingenious. He sewed them together as Siamese twins. Here's how it was done: They were both put in tight white duck pants. The stitches on Bruce's right leg were slashed and the stitches on Howard's left leg were slashed and then the material was sewed together again so that each boy shared a leg of the expanded pants. Neither boy was wearing underwear. They could walk only very awkwardly and were forced to cling to each other. Howard hung around Bruce's delighted shoulders like a trophy. Bruce held Howard by the waist. Howard, we noticed, had lost his hangdog expression. We all toasted our punk surgeon on a job well done and discreetly, in small circles, commented on Howard's awfully obvious but very lovely erection. Even as the party dwindled to its soft musical end and most sailors had gotten back into their window-pane bells and departed, neither of the twins seemed eager to doff his costume... cumbersome as it was.

And where was I? I was with my first sailor, though nothing that passed between us was quite as dramatic as Howard and Bruce's situation. (They never did get it on, I'm told. So that this one evening of rubbing legs and throbbing erections was all they ever had, though they tried to maneuver the girl who lived there into bed as a sort of excuse for Howard and also because Bruce had enjoyed getting it on with her now and then, but it was not to be.) The girl, however, who had the wonderful plain-cloth name of Mitch, had been brought up in a family with three gay

(Continued on page 69)

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young men who are given an entire
education in how to make
themselves appear desirable."
—Jean Genet*



**TOM OF
FINLAND'S
PAGE**



STEVE

**He has short
fingernails**

When Steve Foster did not take off his glasses during this shooting, we figured he was into mystery. When he insisted on the ripped T-shirt and motorcycle cap, we put it down as style. But when we saw the close-up on page 44, we were enormously amazed. Steve has very short fingernails. What can this mean? That he is from San Francisco?

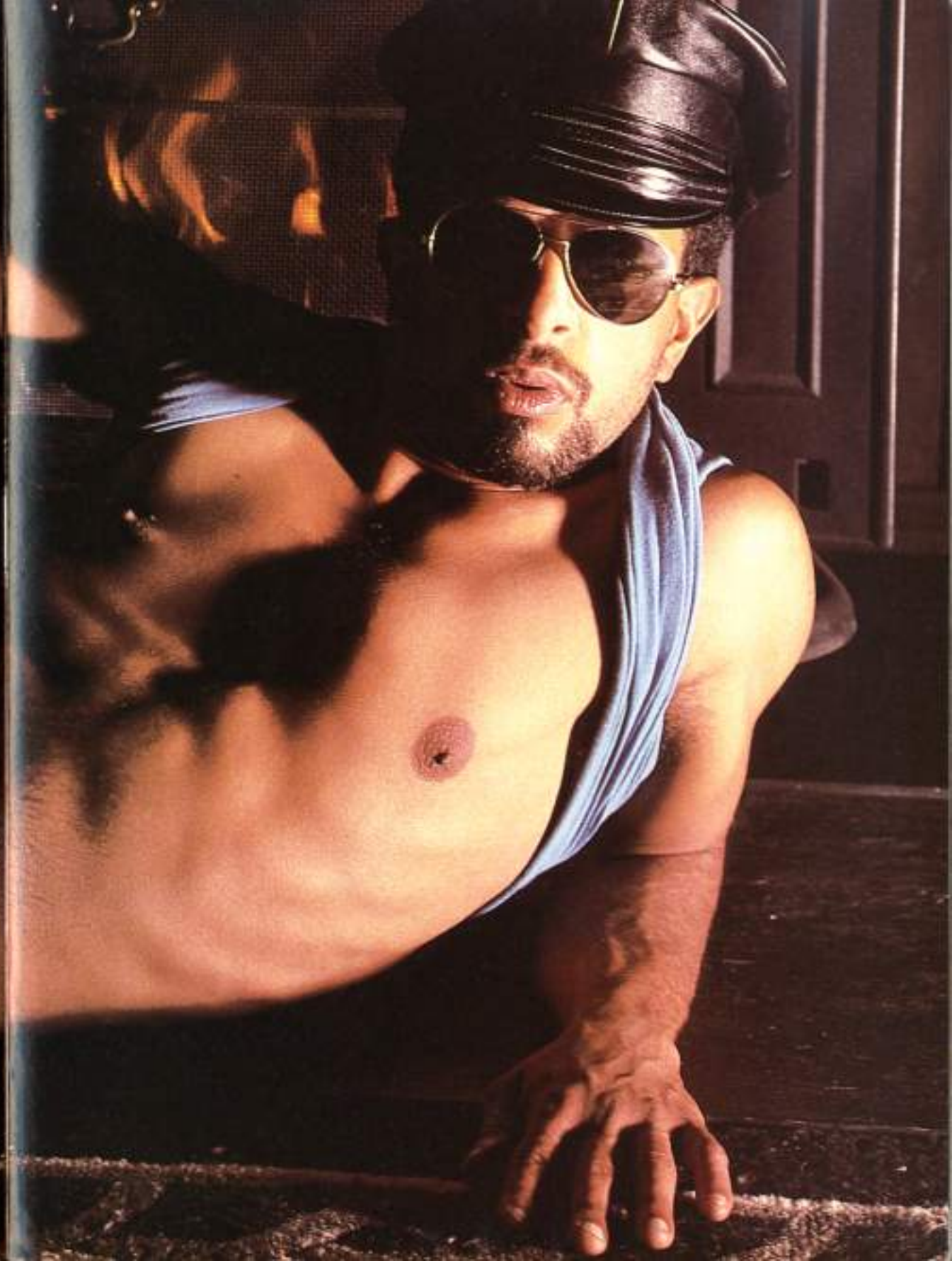
He is, but we can do better than that.

Steve is 27, trains horses and lists as his goal, "to make a porno film." Obviously, Steve is a realist. Still what about those fingernails. Perhaps the answer lies in his special interest. Has he listed one? He has: "Handball." Oh heck, he might as well have written that his favorite film was, oh, *Flying Fists of Fury* for all the clue that gives. This is the last time we send a model a questionnaire rather than call him long distance.

As for now, we'll just have to sit on our hands and keep guessing.

**Photos by
RICHARD
BOMERSHEIM**









BRAD

He shines
in biology

Brad Davis is an 18-year-old freshman at the University of California, where he is taking courses like Crop Rotation, Stud Farming and Cheeses I and II. But he wants to be a fashion model. It is his father who insisted he get something solid to fall back on. Brad took his father's advice during the Easter break when he returned home to Oklahoma and had a fast, furious jam in the hay with one of Dad's ranch hands. The boy was built like a baby steer, had a mouth prettier than a girl's and big, high haunches that packed a fearsome thrust. The sex was almost acrobatic. Brad liked it.

Often now his mind will stray back to the hayloft when he spreads out in a hot class with the flies buzzing and circles of armpit sweat coming through on the shirts of the other boys. He thinks about it too when he's alone in the dorm, with his roommate at class and the baby oil on the bedtable.

Photos by ZAK DRUMMER
—COLLEGE STATION



Brad doubts that he will settle in Oklahoma, preferring to try his luck in L.A. or New York with a fashion modeling agency. (As we go to press, we learn that Brad has just landed two assignments and may soon turn up in *Gentlemen's Quarterly* or *L'Uomo Vogue*.) To this purpose, he works out three times a week, gilding a lily that has already become perfect from long cultivation in the field. "I want to become sophisticated," he says disarmingly. We plan to show him everything we know.







CARL

He's got jock itch

Carl Flores is 19 years old and right off a farm in Kansas. Our photographer immediately put him in an All American Boy jock-strap, which you may think is redundant. We think it's an invitation to a party. As you can see, Carl is just itching to get out of that brand new and still-too-tight supporter. Let's give him a hand.

"Yeah," he gasps with relief. (Obviously it was getting crowded in there.)

His spunky good looks come from a mixture of Swedish and Russian (on his father's side) which make him sexy and a bit mad, and Irish and Dutch (on his mother's side) which makes him plucky and a plugger of dykes. He raised thoroughbreds on his Dad's farm and comes from a large family, which meant a lot of fights with his brothers and not much time with his father. Carl is making up for that now. Constantly, he is the object of much attention from older men.

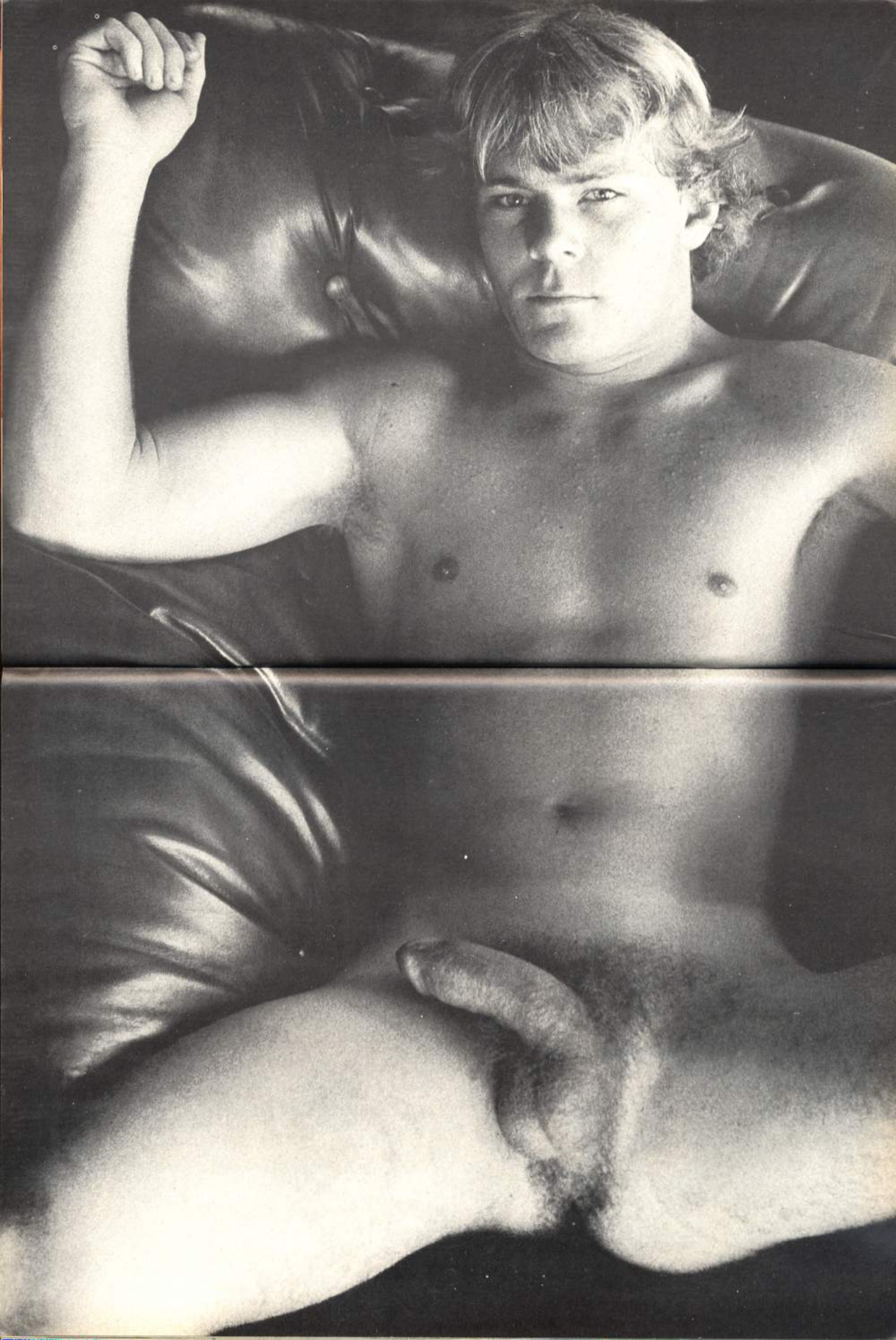
Like many farmboys, Carl likes to decorate his body with home-grown tattoos. Needle in the flame, the stabbing pencil, ink from a fountain pen—Carl has



done it all. He stayed in Chicago for a while at the renovated grey-stone of a friend whom he met in a bus station. We do not know if he liked Chicago. But one thing is for sure. Those initials on his arm don't stand for Lake Shore Drive.

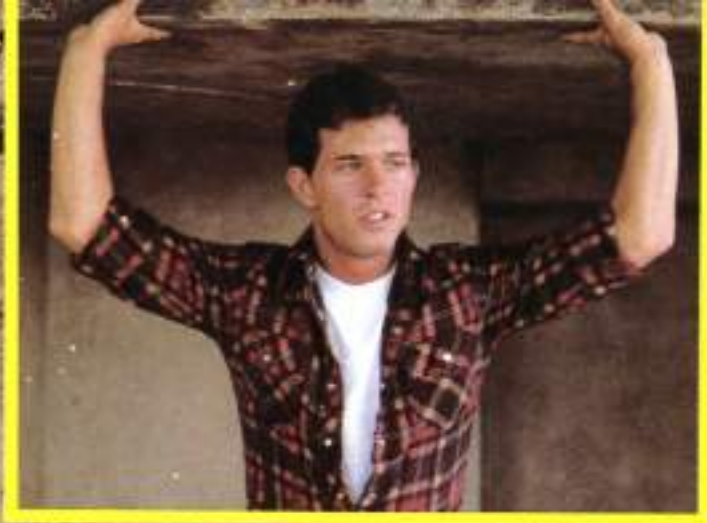
Photos by D.J. GARRETT











ADAM

Home is the sailor

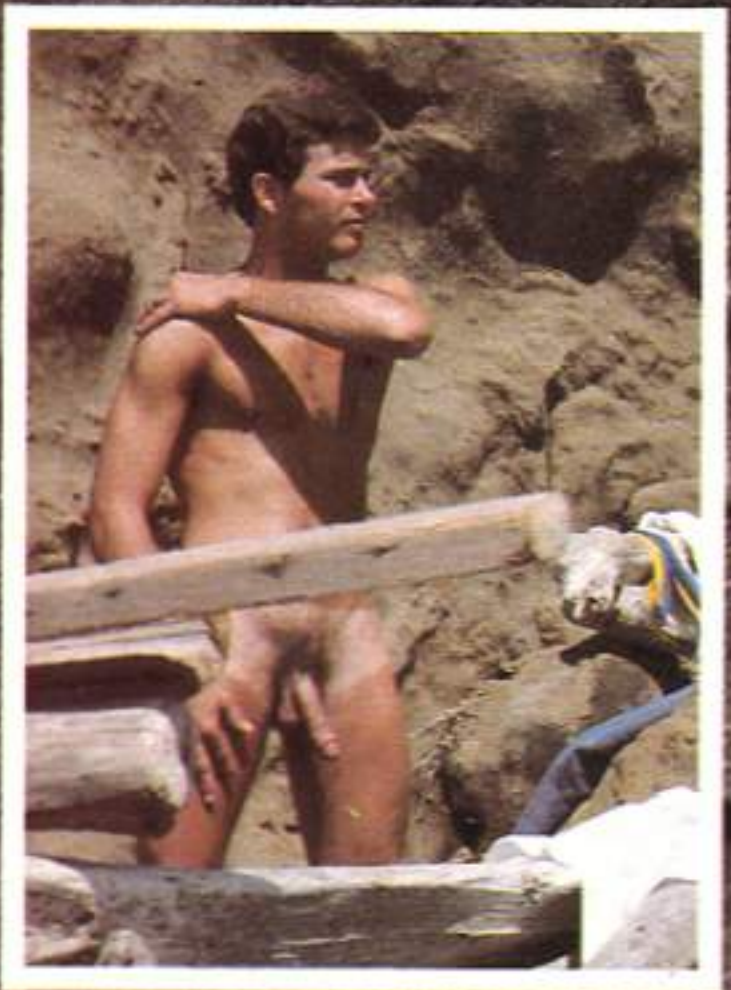
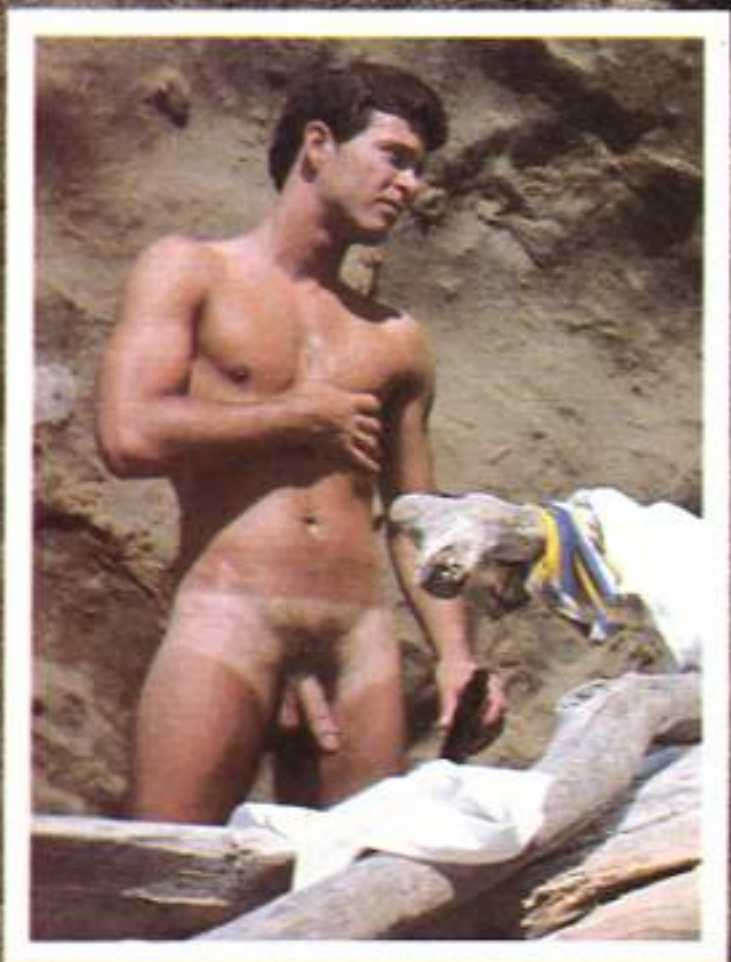
We've been saving these photos of Adam Bludder till now because they were taken three weeks after he got out of the Navy. At that time, he just wanted to coast around San Francisco and experiment with—as he puts it in that sweet Texas drawl—"the alternate lifestyle." Well, lifestyle he wanted, lifestyle he got. There is not enough room here to fully recount all that went down, up, over and out during what many of us have come to call "The Adam Bludder Story." But suffice it to say nobody got hurt, nobody got arrested and nobody said stop.

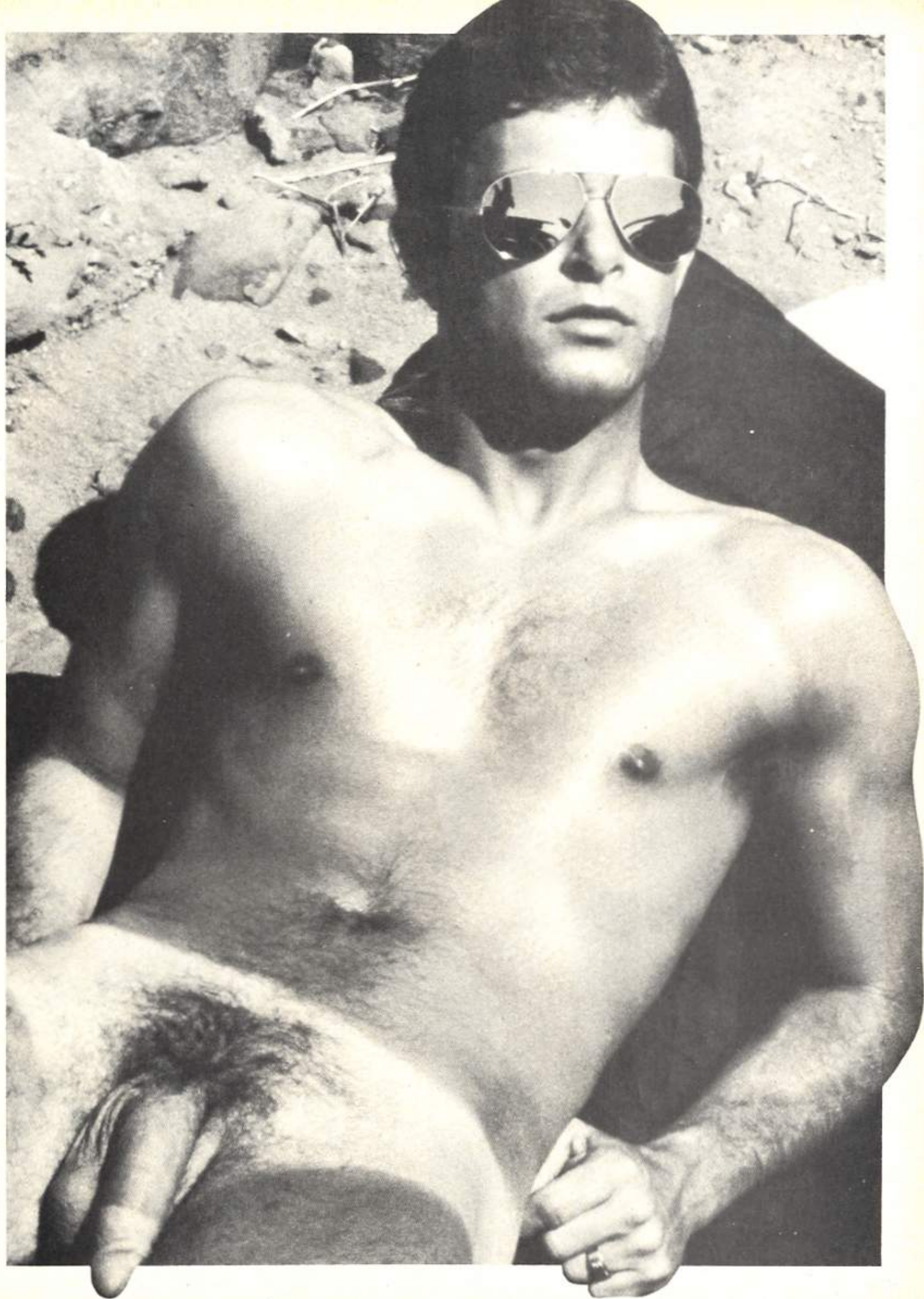
After just this little exposure to the sophisticated whirl that is San Francisco, Adam has decided that he wants "to be AC-DC and become very rich." At 24, he is now a hard-working truck driver (which he's been doing since he was 16 when he had to forge a driver's license) and never accepts jobs that will take him too far from the Bay Area. His philosophy: "Have a good time while you're here."

We'll drink to that. In fact, we've been drinking to that since he, um, came.

**Photos by
D.J. GARRETT**









EVITA

Text: JOHN CALENDO
Illustrations: MICHAEL CEGUR

Just a little touch of STAR quality!

DON'T
GRIEVE
FOR
ME
cBGB's



Evita, the rock opera, is the story of a B movie-star who becomes the head of a country. Yes, we know this sounds far fetched but that's because it could never happen here. The play is set in Argentina, is a spectacle of razzle-dazzle sex and lung power and is familiar to anyone who had been in a gay bar in the last two years. In gay bars, disco-fied Evita songs are played to en-masse lip-synching.

Here is the story of one actress' climb, man by man, bedroom by bedroom, up the ladder to Juan Peron, a nondescript general who happened to be in the right place at the right time. Evita takes him over the top to the presidency and soon eclipses him as a combination glamor girl, patron saint and stirring speech maker. The Peron regime is brutal, fascist, extravagant—and adored. Evita is especially idolized by "the shirtless ones," the poor for whom she sets up flashily publicized funds and orphanages and who shower her in the street with folded petitions, one or two her bodyguard will pick up and Evita will honor on the spot with immediate purse money. When she dies at the age of 33 from cancer of the vagina—even the disease and its location have a terrible sort of poetic correctness—Argentine churches paint ceiling images of "Santa Evita" entering heaven on a blue cloud with an entourage of cherubs.

The big question now is which of our favorite women will get to star in this musical (the musical is not to be confused with the Faye Dunaway TV movie on the subject). The competition is fierce, we hear, for this is a big roomy role, able to accommodate gargantuan talents as well as flatter starkly small ones. Nevertheless, each star will invariably change the role, shaping it to her screen persona in some overlarge—and perhaps disastrous—way. A few speculations:



①

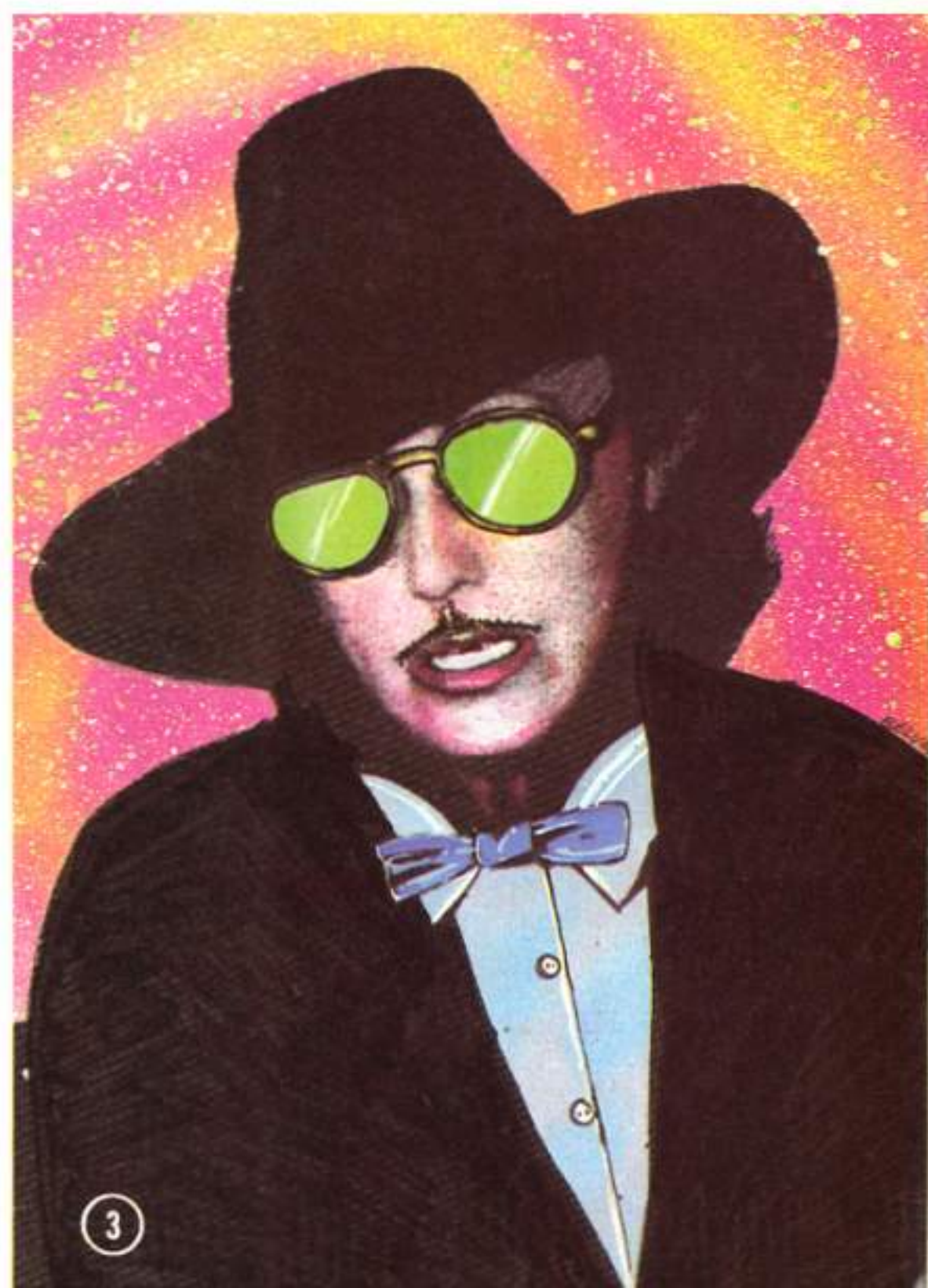
BARBRA STREISAND: Hollywood's first choice will make the songs sound more celestial than the authors had any right to hope. However, she will rewrite the script, take out all the drama, add a few acid-rock songs and manage to conceive of the totalitarian Evita as a "cute" character. Lots of Jerry Lewis shtick. There will be no come-back for Barbra after this.

②

LIZA MINNELLI: Liza, of course, will Fosse it to death. Critics will not be kind. Reviews will prominently feature the word "Fossel."

③

GRETA GARBO: The good news: Garbo will return. The bad news: she will insist on playing Peron. The libretto will be flamboyantly rewritten to center the story around her ... somehow. The movie will be widely attended in Greenwich Village, in West Hollywood, in the Castro District, in New Town, in Turtle Creek, in Montrose, in Key West, in Back Bay, in Georgetown ... Widely attended—and not quietly forgotten.





4

4

ANN-MARGRET: Ann will add LOTS of motorcycles and chorus boys. She will do it first as a play—in Las Vegas. And when time comes for the filming, only one studio will be able to capture the changes she has made: Disney.

5

CHER: Cher will turn it into a fashion show. She'll look, as usual, fantastic—except for those little gimmicks she'll feel compelled to add to everything. Like spangles and roller skates to Evita's balcony dress. Three of the more difficult songs will have to be cut but Cher will make up for this by giving us more, more, more of Chastity. (A role will be created for the child even though Evita was childless.)

6

JIM BAILEY: Jim will walk away with the Oscar when he does *The Three Faces of Evita*. In an interpretation that will be literally "stunning," Bailey will present Evita as a fascist queen at war with the two other personalities inside her, Peggy White and Judy Black. In the end, Evita will see a vision of the Virgin and be cured and Jim will play the rest of the role as Jim. The scene that will win him the Academy Award will be the one where he sings "Don't Cry For Me, Argentina," starting off in the sexy, purring Peggy voice and then working his way down, down, down to a wrecked and ravished late, late Judy.

5



7

MISS PIGGY: Miss Piggy will demand line changes. In the play, there's a line that goes "I'm their savior, that's what they call me; so Lauren Bacall me." This she will change to "I'm their savior, that's how they dig me; so Petunia Pig me."





8

8

LUCILLE BALL:

Lucy will make two stipulations. Number one, that Desi play Peron (actually a great box-office strategy). And number two, that the film be retitled LUCY/EVITA! (Oh-kay.)

9

DONNA SUMMER:

Donna will turn it into a one-woman show . . . with all the other parts played by synthesizers. Here we see Donna's version of Evita singing from her death bed. (Nice, Donna. Very nice.)

10

DOLLY PARTON:

Dolly will present the most controversial Evita: She won't change a thing. She'll just go out there with the hair and the clothes and sing it as written.



9



10

MY THREE SAILORS

(Continued from page 38)

brothers and liked playing cupid in boy-boy affairs so she got me and Kraig into Kraig's bedroom, tucked us in, kissed us goodnight and left.

He was not exactly a wash-out, my first sailor. There was no reciprocation on his part, but I was learning so many things that the situation itself was sex. It is hard to remember if Kraig enjoyed me as much as I enjoyed him. He was ever the blank slate. But I had come home. The little boy who had wandered into sailor heaven one morning in his living room was returning with the sure single-mindedness of a horny grown-up. Kraig had a splendid body, an ample prick and long legs covered with hoarfrost—blond fur. I recognized his aroma of soap and cologne immediately.

MY SECOND SAILOR

I met my second sailor in Tom's house. It was my second visit to San Diego and I had come down purposely on payday weekend. Military payday is the 15th and 30th of every month, days that are circled in red on every sailor queen's calendar. On these days the boys go wild. They were swarming all over Broadway when John and I drove into town and as soon as I caught my first sight of three shorn boys, waiting for a street light to change, with their loose-fitting yet ass-snug bellbot-toms, I knew the three months I had been away were three months too many.

At Tom's house sailors were constantly arriving in groups of four and six to stock up for the wild weekend. Each creek of the rusty screen door signaled the entrance of yet another fleet of stunners. One of the arrivals was Kraig. Now out of the Navy, he no longer lived upstairs with Mitch. He still looked—and felt—mighty fine as we hugged. He had brought a friend with him, Smitty, a roller-skating sailor he had met in the park. Smitty was some looker, with warm animal eyes and hair in the by now familiar 1910 center-part style. When the boys left, John informed me, as I had the bad habit of being half asleep on these things, that Smitty hadn't taken his eyes off me. Kraig had said they were going to the Hut, a neighborhood gay bar, and John insisted we show up there too. At the bar, Smitty made apparent, very apparent his desire for me, leaning into my body and saying old-fashioned things like "Those jeans sure fit you nice." The boys eventually had to leave due to a previous engagement but Smitty made a point of telling me where he'd be the next evening, a gay bar popular with sailors that was literally in the shadow of the Serviceman's Y. Sure enough, the next evening I found him in the bar, without Kraig. He had his shirt off, unself-consciously displaying a smooth sailor body with its classic thin waist and rolling broad shoulders. On his bicep, a rose tattoo. His pants were so low slung that the elastic band of his boxer

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shorts showed, an incredibly erotic sight for me as it brought me firmly back into the living room littered with sailors of my childhood. He strutted around playing pool and would occasionally pose languidly, hanging on the cue, or rock on his feet, pushing his pelvis slowly back and forth like he was screwing the air. I understood his body language and it was driving me crazy. I invited him to Tom's house for the night. Tom had no problem about house guests inviting house guests of their own as long as the new blood was Navy blue blood. Without any hesitation, Smitty accepted. There was no problem about him having to get back to base. He was U.A.

Tom was only too happy to let me and Smitty use his spare room where we would sleep cushioned only by blankets and the red pile carpet. Tom was even willing to coke Smitty up for free. Every time Smitty and I would finally get away in the spare room, Tom would announce loudly that he was laying down another line for everybody. Smitty, of course, being a sailor, could not resist any sort of excess. Still to show that I was still his preference, he would grab me playfully around the thigh just as I was about to move away. After each snort, he'd give me hooded bedroom stares, taking the gift but none of its attached strings.

All the coke made it near impossible for Smitty to get an erection. Still his love-making was generous and surprisingly tender. At one point he sat up to light a cigarette, his uncut cock drooping between his legs like a flower, and with his lit match ran the light along the length of my body admiringly. I was incredulous. This fantastic sexual animal who I was in awe of was worshipping me!

Smitty came from Washington State and was of Swedish descent. The rose tattoo that I tended to run my fingers over so reverently when we made love was something he wanted to remove, he told me, so that he could lead a gay life when he left the Navy. This bizarre reasoning and his constant referral to gay men as "faggots" illustrate the confused mental state of the gay sailor. I gently admonished him about the word "faggot," which of all the words used to denigrate homosexuals was, to me, the worst for it drew its inspiration from the flames that once burned gay people at the stake as they stood on beds of lit faggots. I also tried to explain that tattoos were highly erotic to gay men and his little rose was a charm that could only work to his benefit.

He was adamant in his beliefs.

Like many sailors, Smitty was very much a person who could see things one way only. Without an abstract imagination, he lay solidly anchored within his skin. There was about him—a trait I would find often in sailors—a heavy-hearted lack of curiosity about anything not immediately involving himself. But when he was involved, like when he was making love, he was fantastic. The next morning we made

love for real, the coke completely worn off. And I was treated to a sight I will never forget. Bobbing down between my legs, his butch Navy head.

I never heard from Smitty again. I gave him my number in Hollywood, he was due to dock in nearby Long Beach, but the phone call never came through. Bitter lesson about sailors: They are always sailing away. The silver lining: For every ship leaving, a new one is constantly coming in.

MY THIRD SAILOR

Tom's parties are legend among my friends. They mean a house chock-full of as many sailors as Tom can aggressively marshal from the streets and bus benches of San Diego, all of them hand picked for their beauty and drugged to a remarkable level of pliability.

This time I went solo; John was away on a business trip. The party was in full swing when I arrived. Taking a cue from Michael, our punk surgeon who had sewn two sailors together so successfully, I dressed artistically—that is, purposely odd but with a general impact of prettiness. Pink shirt, skinny tie, black leather gloves. I was a smash. The boys love outrageousness and kept drawing me out. In particular one boy from Tennessee with a rosebud mouth, tight curly hair and a body by Botticelli: long, long, long. His name was Lee and he kept following me around like a lost dog in a shopping mall who sees a walking shop-advertisement in the form of an actor dressed up like a frankfurter.

Meanwhile with so many sea urchins about, I got caught up with another sailor who wore a bandana around his head, an anchor pendant about his neck and looked like every dream I ever had about a pirate. He was in the Navy, he told me, as an alternative to prison. (A common reason, though usually one hears it from marines rather than sailors.) His crime: He shot a man whom he was attempting to rob. His motive: the man laughed at his robbery attempt, that's why he shot him. That, of course, was now far behind him (I'd say, two, three hundred miles at least). He told me how he had recently been "greased." Greasing is a Naval initiation rite for machinists who worked deep in the belly of the ship. The new sailor is tackled to the floor by his co-workers who then rub machine grease all over his body. In our pirate's case, they had gone a bit further. "Shit," he said with his Berkshire accent, "They really packed it up the ass."

It was a touching moment.

While I'm listening to this, Lee was ever near, at my side or crossing my field of vision or just breathing on me.

The next morning I woke up on the floor to find that Lee had conked out beside me. Parties at Tom's never really end, they just continue the next morning. Plenty of the better looking boys had stuck around and I found myself in the middle of a living room full of sleeping, snoring sailors. By this

(Continued on page 78)



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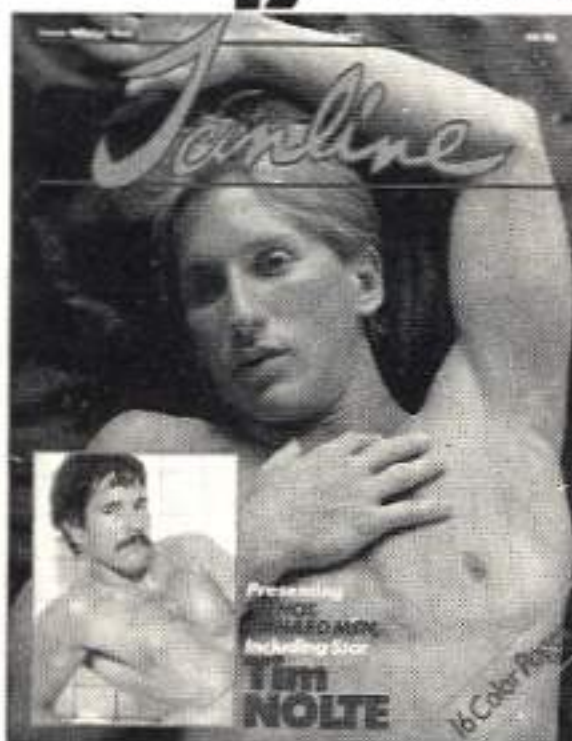
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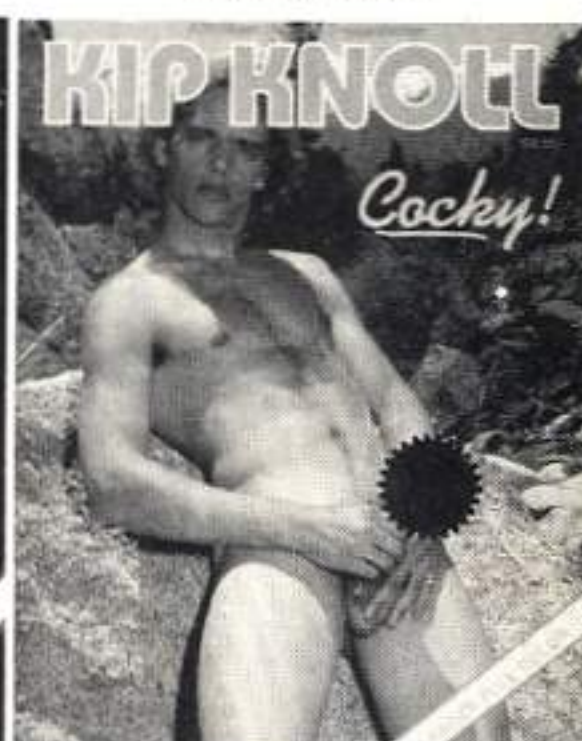
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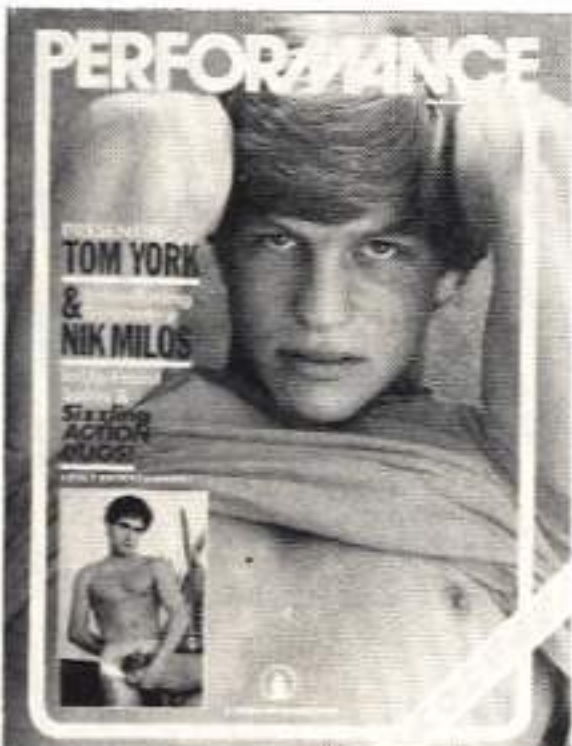
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CASTING COUCH: MR.

*Jeff James ...
just out of the Marines ... sweet as butter*



A day in the life of an IN TOUCH photographer

With this article, we begin an on-going series of interviews with our lens men. Our first subject is Mr. Starr, a big motherly man with a pleasant open face. Starr's work has an almost documentary feel for the way boys actually look, many of his models having a quality of being both street-smart tough and love-starved tender. Starr has been taking photos of nude boys for 21 years but only turned his hobby into a business five years ago when a series of car accidents, which caused nerve damage in his hands, terminated his career as a 250 word-per-minute court reporter. He is 41.

ITFM: Do you have sex with your models?

STARR: I have, but God knows it's not a prerequisite. I am all business when I'm interviewing and photographing. The percentage has changed over the years. I have less sex with them now that I've gone into business.

ITFM: If a boy can't get hard, do you help him?

STARR: No.

ITFM: No?

STARR: Not me. Let me explain. Most often, there's no problem; these boys are 18 and 19, after all. If there is a problem, I bring out some magazines for them to look at. If that doesn't do it, I feel I've done enough. I talk to them about this in the interview. If they've posed before, there usually isn't a problem. But sometimes it works in reverse. They're pros but they've gotten jaded. Now of the

boys pictured here, 17 I think, I've had 12. 12 yes, 5 no. But I'm not going to tell you which ones because the boys will want to deny it to each other.

ITFM: 12 out of 17! How can you say you're separating business and pleasure?

STARR: Well ... for example, Flash Gordon stayed with me when he was in L.A. for a while. So it was that kind of thing. I just named one now but I'd rather not so the kids don't get uptight. The other six just became friends. It's nice to know that their ideal doesn't have to be 25, beautiful and hung to his toes. A lot of these kids, very frankly—and this is the truth—are searching for fathers. Or an older brother, an uncle. They need to identify with an older male figure.

ITFM: But given the fact that you're gay and they're so rough trade ...

STARR: But they're not rough trade. To me these are the boys next door.

ITFM: Yeah. If you live next door to a reform school.



Christopher Paul...
construction work...
P.R. / Irish / Choctaw.



"Flash Gordon"... world-
traveler with knapsack



Jason Reynolds...
Missouri...
great dancer!



B.M. Hensley... just point
camera... he has love
affair.

STARR: You have to look beyond that. These kids may be very tough on the street, but they've never been tough around me. See, I've been a court re-

porter and I learned that most murderers look like wholesome little Sunday school boys who one day snap and snipe at cars

on the Freeway.

ITFM: Your models have no problem, you say, identifying with a gay man.



James Perez... Puerto Rican... friend.



Glenn Bell... Sweet boy... thrilled to pose.



Reg Tourney... Otis art school, published art.



Salviano De la Puerta... very talented... handy.

STARR: None. In fact, I've had kids who didn't believe I was gay because I didn't grope them during the interview. I could see them parading around in the nude, which I have to do to find out whether I'm going to photograph them, and because I didn't make a pass, they weren't

quite sure.

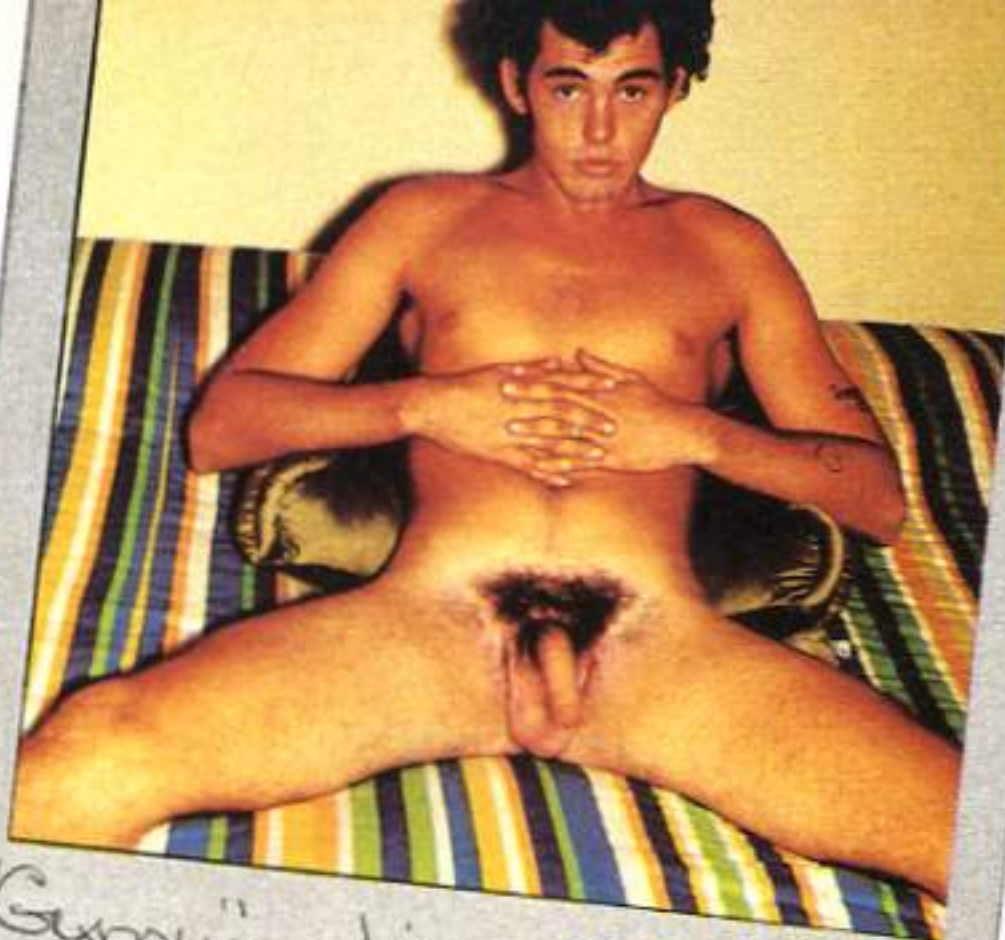
ITFM: As an older male, are you then a role model? Would these boys want to grow up to be you?

STARR: I doubt that. But they know I understand. I was young once too. And because of my former career, I have a very good understanding of policemen, judges and the law. They realize this and

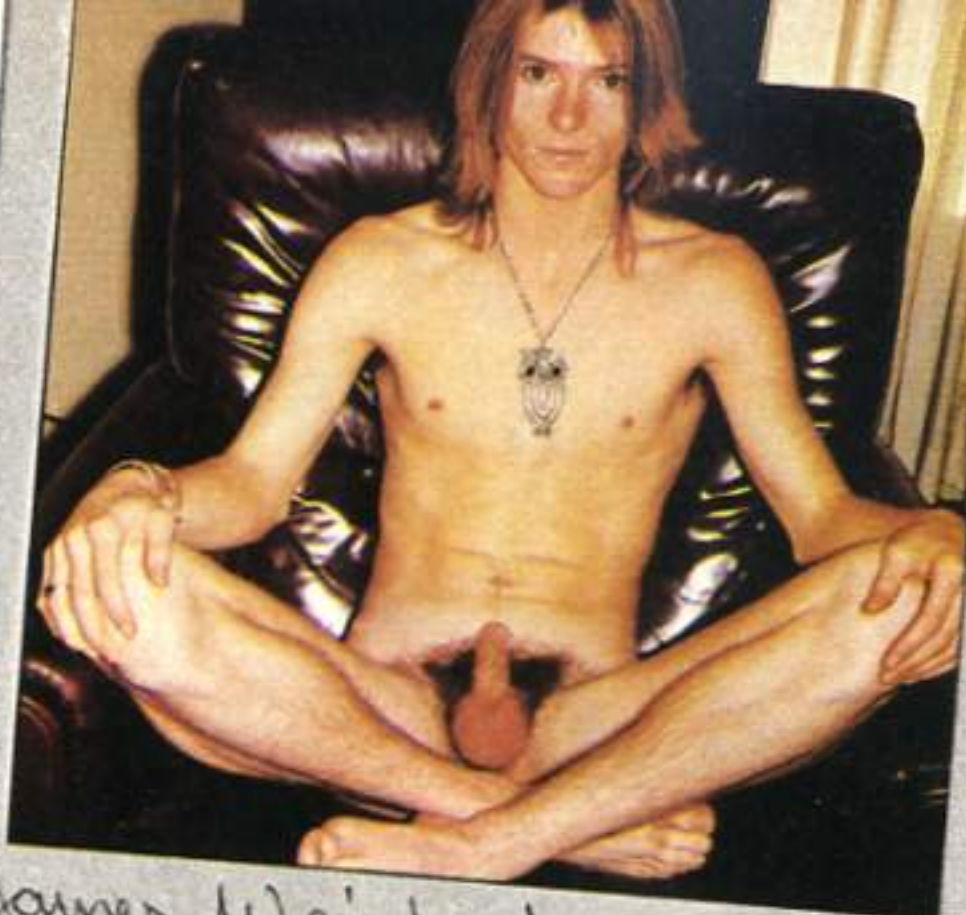
some of them, frankly, have had things happen to them, or maybe they've done things they weren't too happy about. I understand. I never reproach them. Moral support. They know they can come knocking on my door and I'm there. Or maybe they just need a hamburger or a coke or a place to stay, just somebody to talk to because they tell me kids their own age, they can't relate to, they won't listen to them. And very often it becomes an affectional thing and also a sexual thing.

ITFM: Do these sexual relationships continue over time?

STARR: A few.



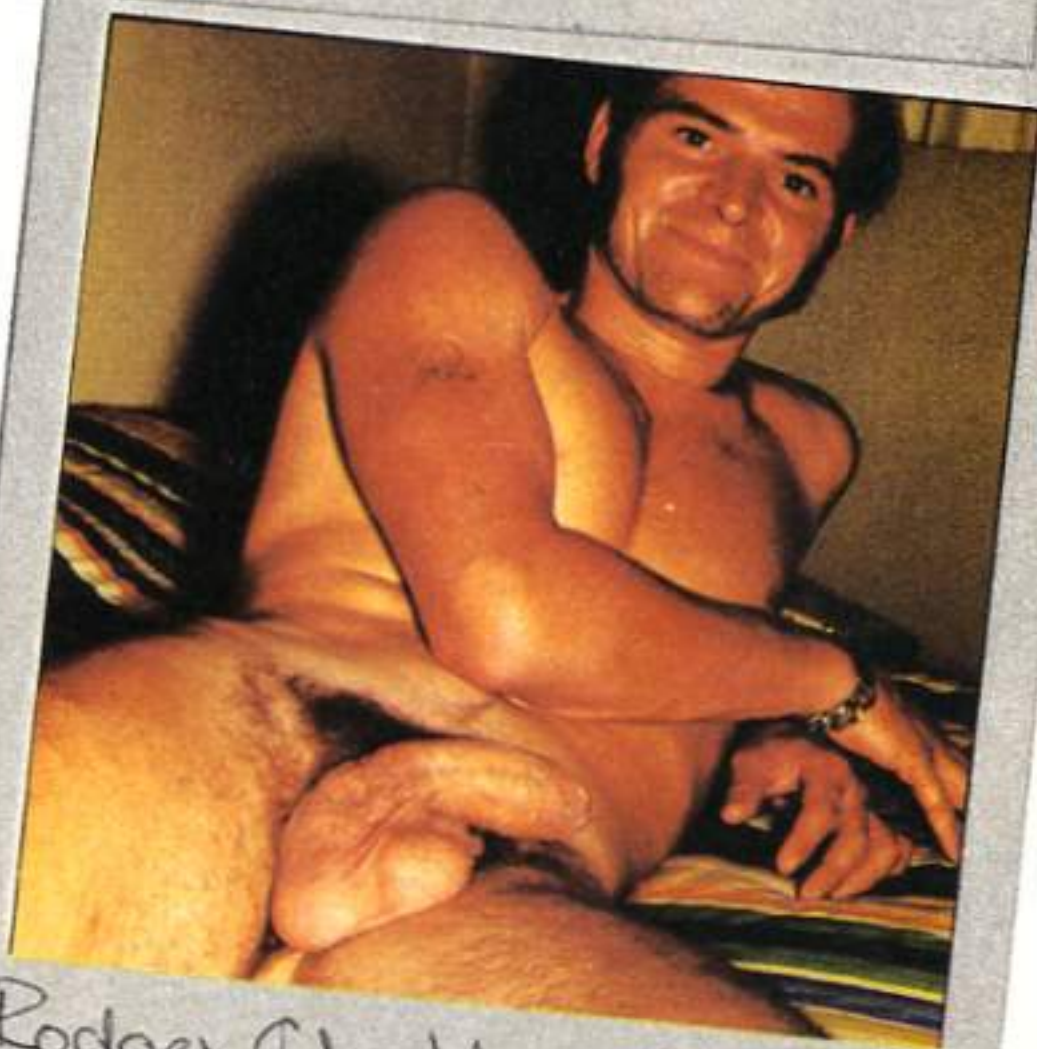
"Gypsy"... big puppy dog...
raised on Cherokee
reservation.



James Weinhart...
born to model...
college... bi.



J.I. ...
My Italian Stallion!



Rodger Chaffee... Navy...
easy to work with.

ITFM: Have you ever had any problems with violence?

STARR: Almost none. Back in 1961, I had a burglary done by one of my models who now is a stunt man, works in movies now and TV, everything. I felt particularly upset until I learned he had robbed every person who had ever been good to him. He's a sick personality. So how can you control that, a mentally ill person? I really think a person gives off vibes. And if you give off good vibes, you'll get good vibes back. The only person who ever laid a hand on me was my lover, and I include him here because he was one of my models. He's passed on

now. A car accident.

ITFM: How old was he?

STARR: 20. Anyway, one night he got drunk and decided he was going to beat me up and since he was 5'4" and 120 lbs. and I'm what, 6'2" and 280 lbs. I just picked him up and bounced him off the wall. My size is another thing that keeps me out of trouble. I can be very butch when I want to.

ITFM: What is your average day like as a photographer of nude boys?

STARR: It varies. Interviewing? O.K., the phone rings and its another photographer recommending a model. Or boys come knocking on my door. They see my ad in

IN TOUCH or *The Advocate* and they say, "Are you Mr. Starr? I like your models and I was wondering if you could use me?" I've had some really exciting models turn up like that. Sometimes models will bring their friends or I'll see a busboy in a restaurant and give him my card, people I meet on buses, people I see hitchhiking. Usually it's the other photographers. They know my type and they're not into that type themselves.

ITFM: What is the Mr. Starr type?

STARR: I shoot youthful models, many of whom are long haired, most being smooth and slender versus stocky and hairy. I also shoot extensively in the



David Pierce... Cherokee
with blonde hair...
blue eyes.



Dean Morris...
Rock musician and
house painter.



David Morgan...
my surfer... has little
surfer baby!



The little Greek...
on the move... Dale!

minority field. I always have. I shoot black, I shoot Asian, Chicano and so forth. I think that the dark pigment is beautiful and since I shoot always in color I really love the color of people who have pigment in their skin. I shoot many Caucasians but it's the dark people who are beautiful to me.

ITFM: Where do you like to take pictures of boys? On a couch, in a bed, in the shower?

STARR: I like to take pictures of boys,

period. I don't care if they're swinging from a chandelier, riding on the swan in Disneyland. I love to photograph. I always have. I have thousands of non-nude photographs, and they're pictures of beautiful trees and flowers and kiddies on Easter egg hunts. The only reason I do what I do is because 21 years ago, my first gay friend called and said he had a friend who would love to have nude pictures taken. I was only 20 years old then and I thought, "Nude pictures, my God!" And the door opened and standing there was a 24-year-old

French count who was the lover of a very famous French movie star that I wouldn't dare to mention and he was spectacular. The minute I picked up the camera and took my first nude shot. I knew that was what I wanted to do forever.

ITFM: And now for the all important last question: Does your mother know you do this?

STARR: She sure does. I have the grooviest mother in the world. Not only does she know, she helps me pick out the pictures for my ads! ■■



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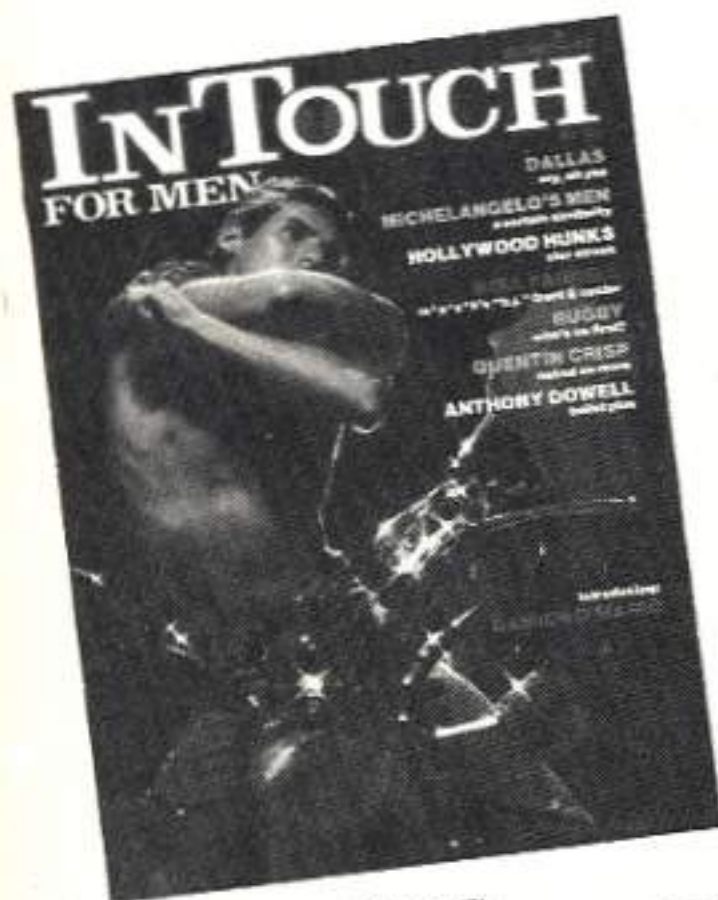
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- #41 (MAY/JUNE)**
Ryan O'Neal, Denver, Lost Boys, "Norma Place," Sarah Dash, 10 Funniest Men (II), Hart Crane, Mr. IN TOUCH Portland.
- #42 (JULY/AUG.)**
Perry King, Cruising South to Atlanta, Cole Porter/Larry Hart, "Roger," Art of Nephi, Keith Barrow, Oh, Those Aussies, Photography of Guy Corry.
- #43 (SEPT./OCT.)**
Robby Benson, "Porn Flix," Brighton, Edward II, Photography of Richard Boetger, Homebodies, Tod Foster, Wheeeeeee!, Andrew Robinson.
- #44 (NOV./DEC.)**
San Francisco, Taka Boom, Lacrosse, Making Up, Dayton Ka'Ne, Art of H.G. Wright, "Fountain of Youth," Lawrence of Arabia, Ross Salomone.
- #45 (JAN/FEB.)**
New York, Brando, Tiger, Diaghilev, Self Defense, Hawaii's Roughwater Swim, "Daniel in the Dark," Michael Lloyd, Frederick Combs.

#46 (MAR/APR.)
Water polo, Ted Shawn, The Other Florida, Tom of Finland, "Ripe Tomatoes," France Joli, David Niven, Somerset Maugham.

#47 (MAY/JUNE)
Dallas, Michelangelo's Men, 3 Hollywood Hunks, Mike Farrell, Rugby, Quentin Crisp, Anthony Dowell, "Man Made," Photos of Steve Arnold.

#48 (JULY/AUG.)
Alan Bates, Toronto, Sports, Fashions, Batter Up!, Billy Hayes, "Hockey Night in Canada," Victor Arimondi Revisited, Art of Bob France, Gordon of Khantoum.

#49 (SEPT./OCT.)
Natural Men, Triathlon, Roger Moore, Las Vegas, Manhunt A to Z, Skatt Brothers, Color Me Hung, coverman Rex Johnson.

#50 (NOV./DEC.)
Anniversary Issue, How to Pick Up Straight Men, 7 Years of In Touch Models, Men of the Olympic Gymnastics Team, Chicken!, Interview with Zach, Box-Office Gays, Tom of Finland.

#51 (JANUARY)
Gay Rodeo in Reno, Best Chest in the West, Mark Hamill, Facelift—What Every Man Should Know, Caring for Leather, Gay Marine Reveals His "Favorite Things," Tom of Finland.

#52 (FEBRUARY)
Men of Australia, Sexual Psychology of Color, Mud Wrestling, Prince Charles, Military Discharge, Angel Babies, "Socrates and the Golden Warrior," coverman Mario.

#53 (MARCH)
Richard Gere, Sex in Prison, How to Pick Up the Bartender, Naked on Madison Avenue, 1980 Men Revisited, Shooting the Rapids, "Souvenir of Mexico," coverman Kirby Scott, Tom of Finland.

#54 (APRIL)
Chris Atkins, Sex Life of Tarzan, Sexercise, Hunks of "Meat," Rio—Cruising in Sex City, City Men in the Jungle, Jungle Men in the City, coverman Tony Hill, Tom of Finland.

(Continued from page 70)

point, I was in touch with my childhood memories on a first name basis and just looked around the room and said, "Hi," though to no one in particular. Throughout the day, Lee was at my side, saying off-the-wall things like why didn't I perform for everyone.

"Lee!" Tom snapped. "You know what you are? You're a clinger! And nobody likes a clinger."

"Am I clinging to you?" drawled Lee with a country-fresh earnestness.

"No," I said with a big smile that was returned. At one point in the afternoon, he left a *Playboy* open in plain sight so I could see what he was reading. He left the room for a moment and I got a good look. It was an article on homosexuality in the Navy and it was illustrated with a gripping picture of two sailors having sex.

That night after a lot of nonsense talk about girls, he took me on a tour of his favorite bars—straight bars, of course. After a few drinks, he leaned into me and asked point blank what my sexual preference was.

"You are my sexual preference." (Damn, I wish I had said that!) Instead I told him I liked boys. He said he had made it with both sexes and then suggested yet another bar where I could find sailors and he could find girls. We went there and—somehow—we both struck out.

Thoroughly smashed, we returned to Tom's house. He had layed blankets out for us. Lee and I were quite comfortable with each other, giggling and sloppily preparing our bed. Stripped to our shorts, we crashed on the blankets. Then Lee requested a massage, turning on his stomach. I mounted his back, kneaded his muscles and made a sudden grab for him. His cock was hard.

He pulled away. "I don't usually make it with guys, I want you to know. You're only the second guy I ever done it with. That's the truth." Then he moved into me and we had full-out sex.

I was to see Lee two month's later at Tom's house, though I had seen him much more frequently than that in my mind. He had stopped off at Tom's house with a sailor buddy to pick up drugs. He didn't recognize me as I had shaved off my beard. "I bet you'd recognize him with his clothes off," Tom said. At this, Lee blushed and fled with his buddy on a motorcycle.

It hurt, it hurt.

In the end, I was hooked. A total sailor queen and loving it. Right how I'm planning to move to San Diego with the hope that my illustrations may find a market down there, though San Diego is not known as either a magazine town or an art market. Still it is important for people like me to be near things they find beautiful. And sailors are, beside the youth, the horniness, the tattoos, the stylized haircuts, beautiful in themselves. Hell, those gobs are gorgeous!

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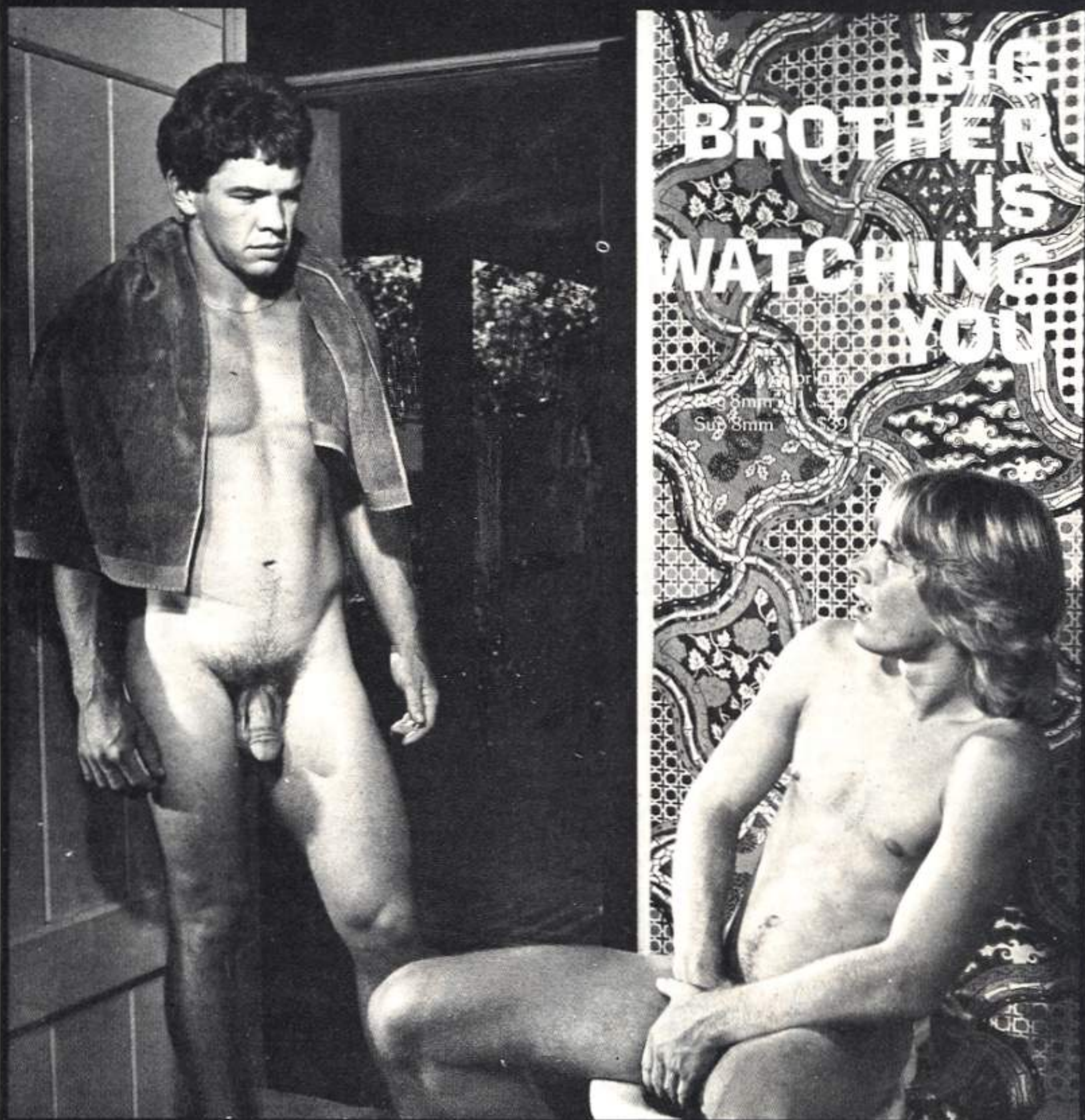
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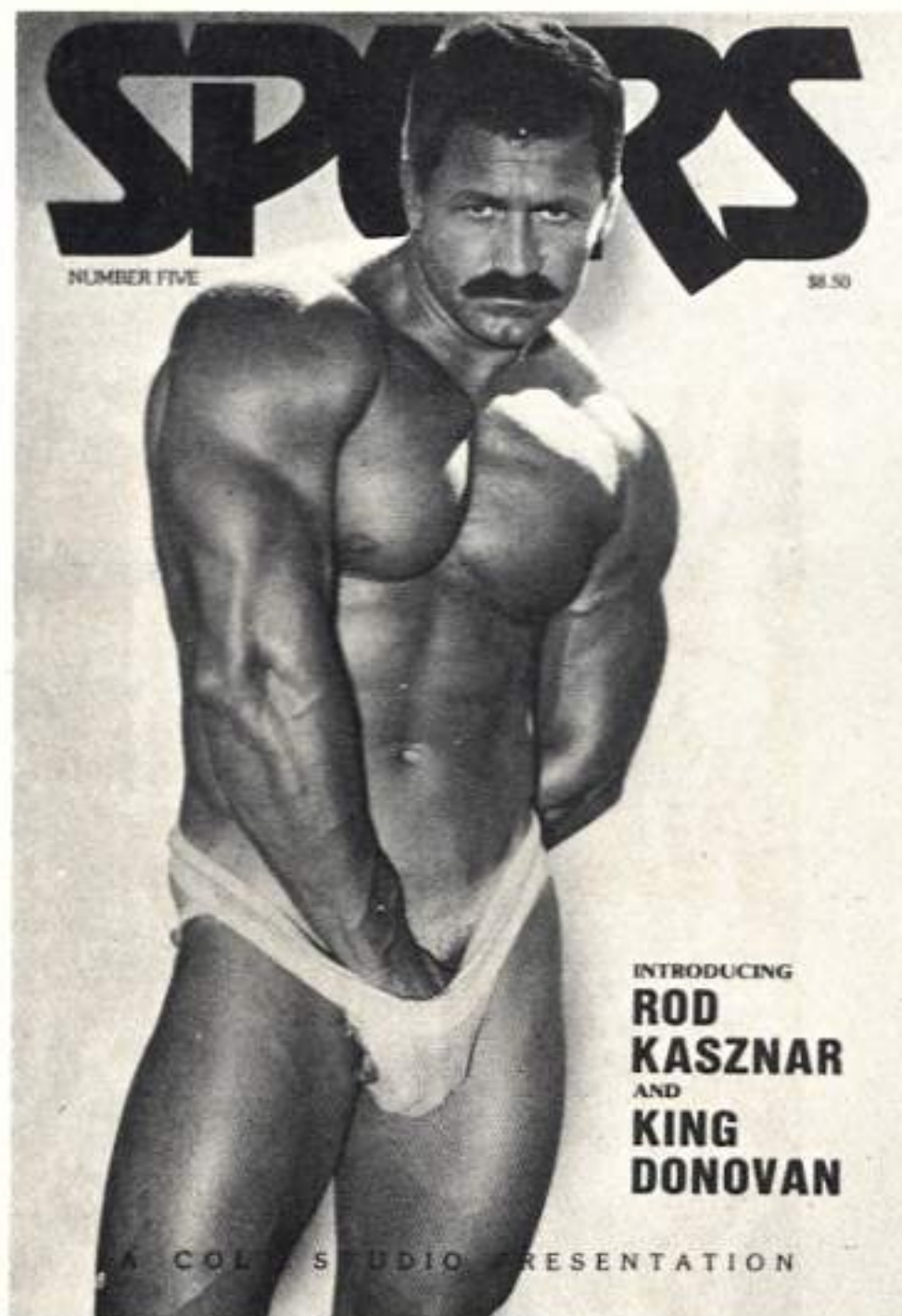
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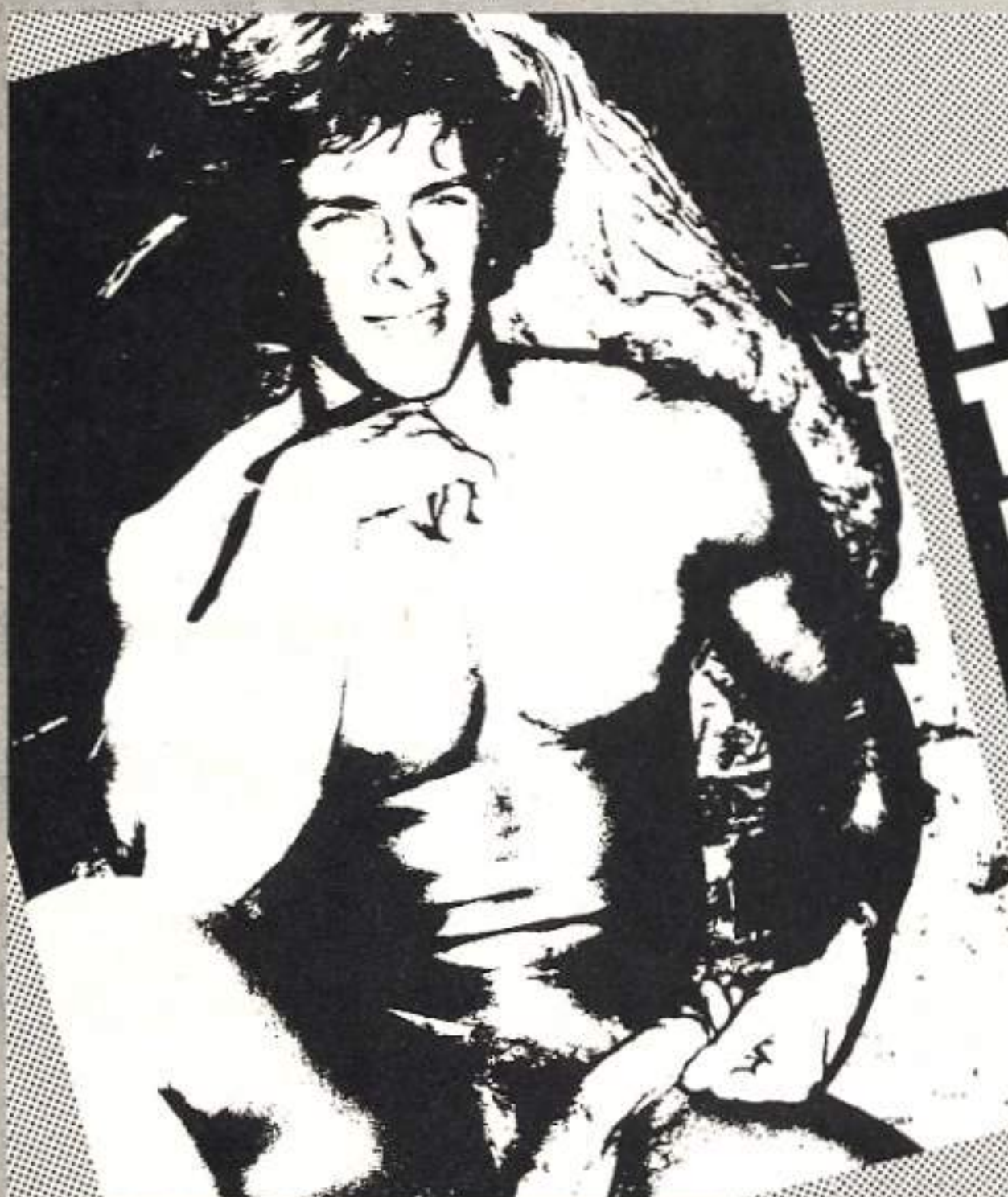
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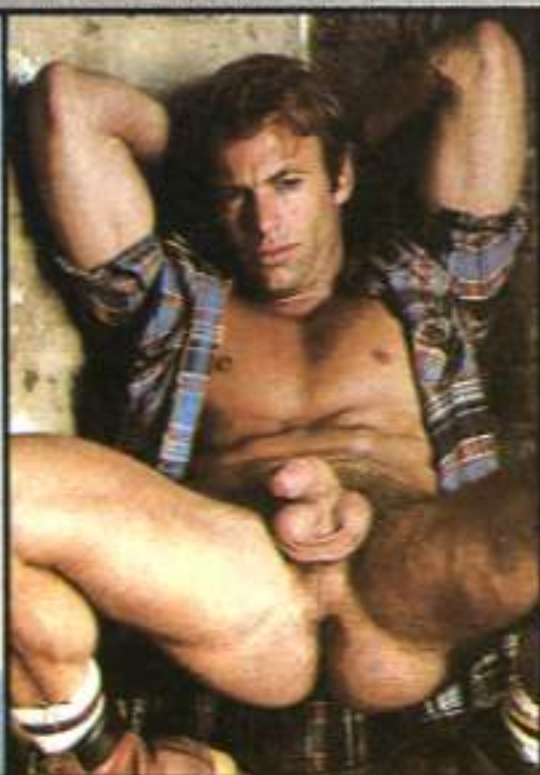
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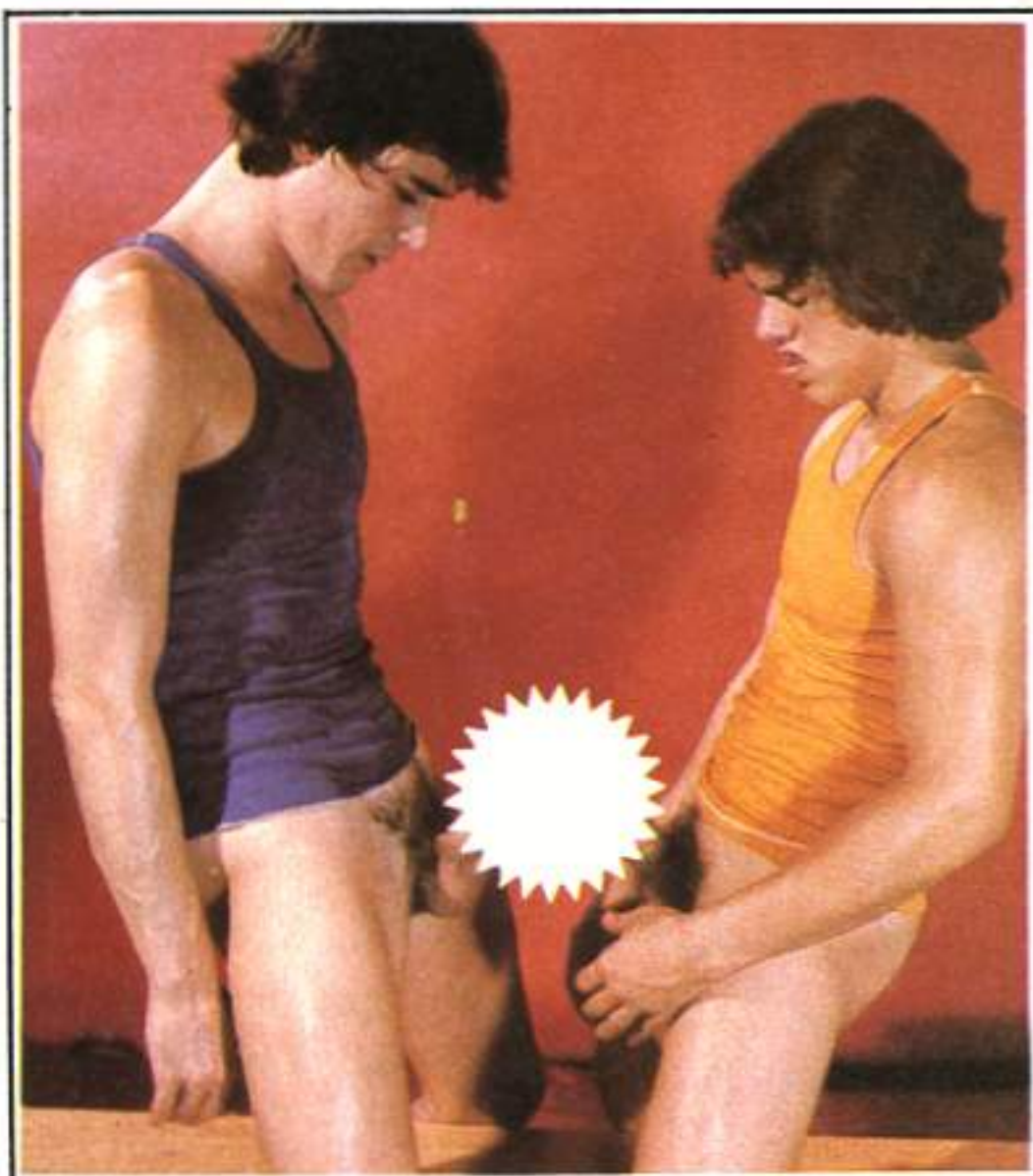
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THIS TIME IT'S LOVE says Michel Serrault, star of *La Cage aux Folles II*. Serrault tells all in this sizzling In Touch interview by **GEORGE HADDAD-GARCIA**.

MICHEL SERRAULT by George Haddad-Garcia

"I used to think of myself as a man's man. You know, a man and only a man. Very masculine, very heterosexual, very conventional," says Michel Serrault but that was before he got the marvelous role of Zaza in *La Cage Aux Folles* (Birds of a Feather.) Zaza is a hilariously melodramatic drag queen "married" to the long-suffering man who owns the club where she performs. "With Zaza, I got in touch with my femininity and it didn't frighten me at all. Today I feel more complete as an actor and more secure as a man. A man dressed as a woman could be an easy laugh. You must give it a bit of truth and humanity. In every scene there are options. The wonderful thing about Zaza is that she is an actress, even if she's a bad one. She has all the defects of an actress, or actor, in addition to her problems at home. When she feels pain, it's not deep pain, she's putting it on a bit—a comedy within a comedy." It is exactly that balance of farce and poignancy that made *La Cage Aux Folles* the most financially successful foreign film ever shown in America. (It has reportedly grossed over 18 million to date.)

Even its sequel is doing turn-away business and may spawn a whole series of *Cage* films ("We have become the Laurel and Hardy of homosexuality," Serrault is fond of saying about himself and co-star Ugo Tognazzi.) Super producer Allan Carr is bringing the original to Broadway as a musical later this year. But before *Cage* was a movie, it was a play in Paris and Michel Serrault (pronounced Mee-shell Say-row) starred in it for an estimated (his own guess) 1,700 performances. "It was a gilded cage that I rested in for some six years all together."

Most of the interview was conducted in French because the actor's English is poor. "I must improve it, no? In America, they have made many requests for me to lecture at your universities on sexual identity and how it changes." That's a subject Michel is something of an expert on. He is extremely jovial and pleased to speak of his own metamorphosis. "Putting on the lipstick, the makeup, the wigs and dresses was not any bother or trauma. It is fun for a man to dress like a woman, any man. I think every man should be forced to, to help him become more understanding and to know the pleasure of attractive clothes, nice fabrics, to just laugh and be a character that is not criticized or restricted. I loved being Zaza, but then the director of the play said I must make Zaza human, not just a clown. He wanted a reality, he wanted a real relationship between the gay couple. I've met homosexuals who say their life isn't like ours in the film. But documentation is not my aim. My definition of acting is to reach the limits of unbelievability where, through the grace of

the actor, you believe. I want people to believe in the story of *La Cage*, whether it is documentation or not. Emotional reality is what I'm after.

"We didn't want to do a drag show because Paris is full of that, and very good ones. Neither could we compete with the beautiful bodies and handsome boys who perform in the strip shows. We had a story to tell and so I had to change from effeminate to feminine and the two are not the same at all. But I had trouble because of my identity as a man.

"I was married and I was a father; my children, my parents, my non-actor friends

all stuck in my mind. I resisted becoming feminine because I was afraid I would be... well, too good at it!" Long pause.

"So... I made the decision. I went out and tried to become involved in a caring homosexual relationship. I wanted to see if in every gay relationship there is femininity. This is a story I have not told to the American press because they would not even want to print it and I had been warned not to endanger the success of *La Cage Aux Folles*. Now, I will tell it:

"I went to a john in the Bois de Boulogne (Paris' major park) and there were holes I knew about and I put my penis





through and I was sucked off. Naturally, it felt very good and it relaxed me in my attitude towards homosexuals in the park, which is full of them. But that was as far as I went. I did not have to return again because for a recognized actor there are many opportunities to be sucked off.

"I went to another john a few days later and a man put his arms around me, no kissing but just affection. No sex, but a communication between two strange men; one looking for love, one looking for a new part of himself. That made me more relaxed and understanding.

"Later, I was approached by a man who took me to his apartment, but he wanted to fuck me. I said no. Today if I liked a man enough I'm not certain what I would say to having sex but then it was definitely no. We spent three hours talking. Part of the time he was naked and I saw how comfortable he was with his body and with his erection. A straight man tends to see the erection only as a sex instrument and not necessarily as beautiful.

"So with this and other similar experiences, I became Zaza. I had also studied a man who made his living dressing as a woman and I saw how he had respect for beautiful women instead of just going for laughs. Well, as Zaza I am not beautiful but I have my moments, you know? I feel like a duchess and I love to dress up and I want to please and to have a good time. How could anyone not like Zaza?

"With so much time spent in *La Cage*, I became Zaza and it was all so natural. I could go with ease from masculinity to femininity to masculinity and eventually I found they aren't that separate. One day, doing another film, I found myself frustrated and gloomy and finally I shouted to my friends who were trying to comfort me so I wouldn't make them uncomfortable with my own feelings, 'Stop it! What I need is a good, long cry!' And I began to cry, walked into my dressing room and finished it. Afterwards, I felt wonderful. When I told this to my friends, they were very impressed.

"Some people asked me if I had become bisexual. I am not sure. Does one experience make a man bisexual? I think these things are in our minds and hearts; it is not a club with initiation rites. Perhaps after we finished the *La Cage* movie, I had a new self-image. I could still be as masculine but I didn't want to all the time. I just wanted to be natural but without becoming so strange that I became an outcast—no one wants to be rejected.

"I always had gay friends but their private sex lives were separate from me and my straight friends, who didn't want to get involved in that. Now I don't avoid it and I have curiosity. Who knows what will happen in the future? Unlike many of my colleagues, I am old-fashioned when it comes to being faithful to one special person and that is my wife. I know very few gays who are faithful but those who are feel the way I do.

"I have never been extremely sexual. My work, good cuisine, the little pleasures of home and of conversations with friends, they all give me as much, or more, pleasure than sex. If I had been more highly sexual, perhaps I would have gone to bed with a young man—or a younger one at any rate. I cannot say. It seems the more open one becomes with oneself, the more mature, the less definite one can be about anything."

Is Michel afraid of becoming stereotyped in films? He shrugs gallically and laughs. "In America, yes. I receive thousands of letters from your drag queens. And from Hollywood and New York I get requests to do small parts in drag in American comedies. I turn them down. I am not so interested in going to America to make a small role. If I have to take the trouble to learn English better than I like to be a co-star and play a French man who is not silly or pretentious, like in your stereotypes of us. And for gay roles or for drag roles, I prefer how European cinema treats them—with dignity and well-meaning humor."

"Unfortunately, from America I do not get the offers one would think I might. They only write good roles for themselves, for their straight selves. But in France and Italy and Germany, I am busy, and content. I may do another play, and there are meetings for a third *Cage Aux Folles*, this one perhaps set in New York City. After

that, who knows? Maybe they'll ask us to do a porno film next!"

ABC-TV is reportedly considering a TV series based on the movie characters for the 1981-82 TV season. For *Cage III*, a roster of stellar American guests is being considered, including Liza Minnelli and Bette Midler.

Was Michel afraid to reveal the extent of his *Cage* research before this time? "There is in France a wave—like in your country—of conservatism, anti-Semitism, homosexual repression and less progress on rights for women. So one cannot be too loud an activist and be employed as easily."

"But I read in your *Rolling Stone* a statement by Richard Gere. He said that for his role in *Bent*, about gays under the Nazi brutality, he would have been willing to suck off his male co-star. This is a remarkable thing to say, especially in America, and it gave me some courage. It is up to people who can be heard, who are publicly seen to declare the things that our conservative governments are trying to suppress. It is like the 1930's in Europe and we cannot afford to repeat the mistakes of the past whatever our politics are."

Michel mentions an acquaintance of his, a gay man who tried to emigrate to the U.S. and was kept out because he declared his sexual orientation rather than lie. This story makes Monsieur Serrault visibly angry. He also rails against the Reagan administration's reneging on Car-

ter's promise to discuss the anti-gay immigrant law with gay groups before reinstituting it (Serrault is well informed on such matters). He next talks about the Pope's misguided earnestness and how the French pay less attention to the pontiff than any other Catholic nation, a fact Michel is proud of.

He goes on to mention stellar friends who are gay or who have boasted to him of bisexual experiences and conquests. We discuss other stars, whom the public knows as ardent heterosexual lovers. One of Michel's acquaintances is fellow Parisian Omar Sharif: "At Maxim's, we talked about bisexuality and he was interested in what I learned. Omar is very sexual and sexy but he likes the thrills of gambling and races perhaps even more. If he is bisexual I do not know but he is very sympathetic to gays and he told me he has talked about it in America on TV but they censor him and his advisors tell him to tell only of his affairs with actresses."

"So you still wonder why I am not in a hurry to go to America? When they treat Zaza right, then I go there..." At the moment the actor is quite busy in France. Last August he received an invitation to do a season of classics at the Comedie Francaise. "For me it's interesting," he says. "After what I've done, it's amusing." He points to a silver-framed photo of Zaza on his coffee table. "After all, it's not the usual path to the Comedie Francaise." ■■

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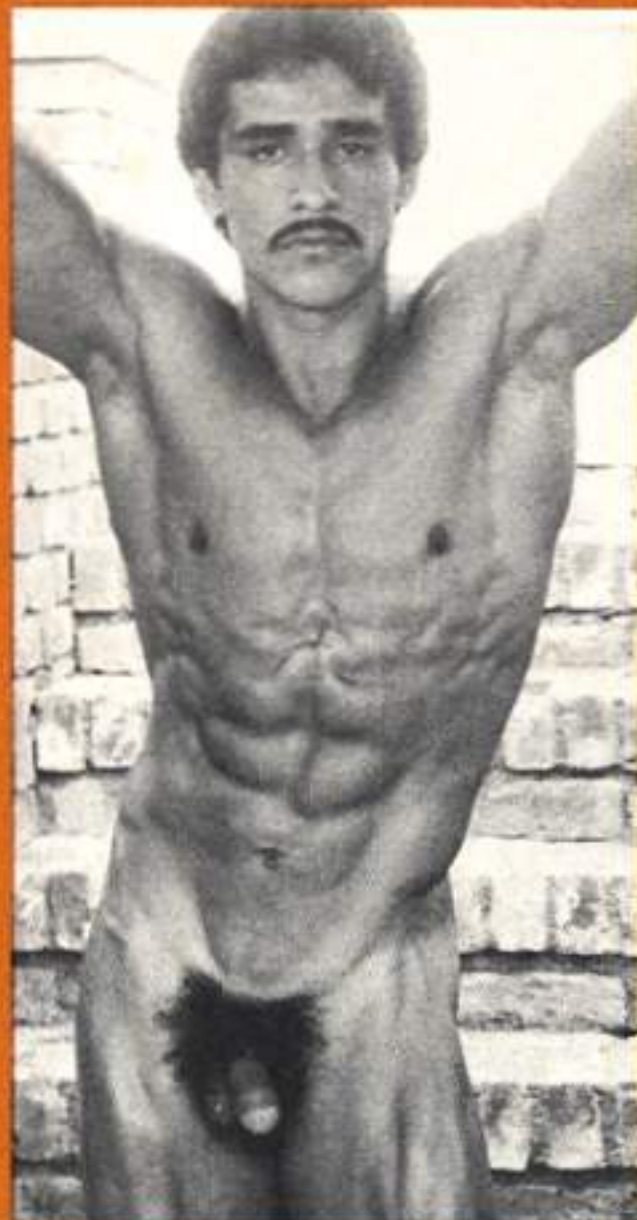
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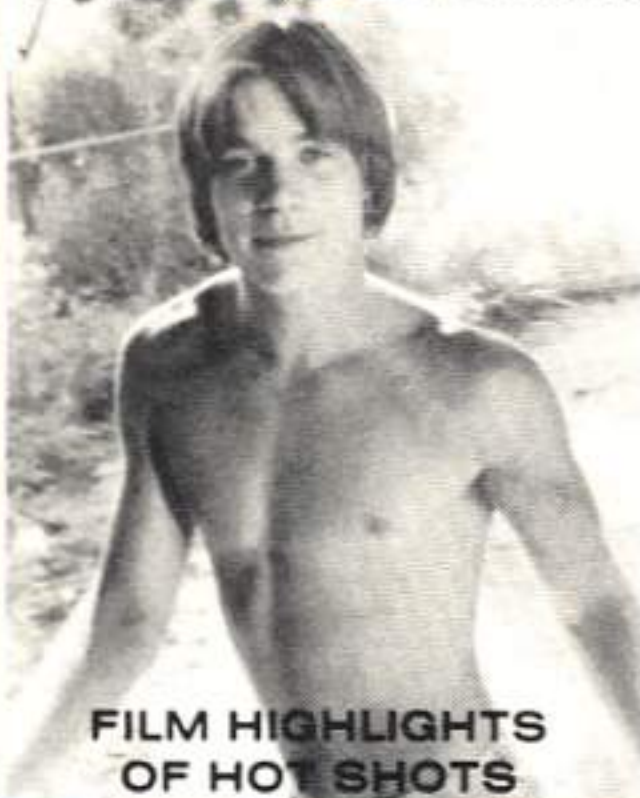
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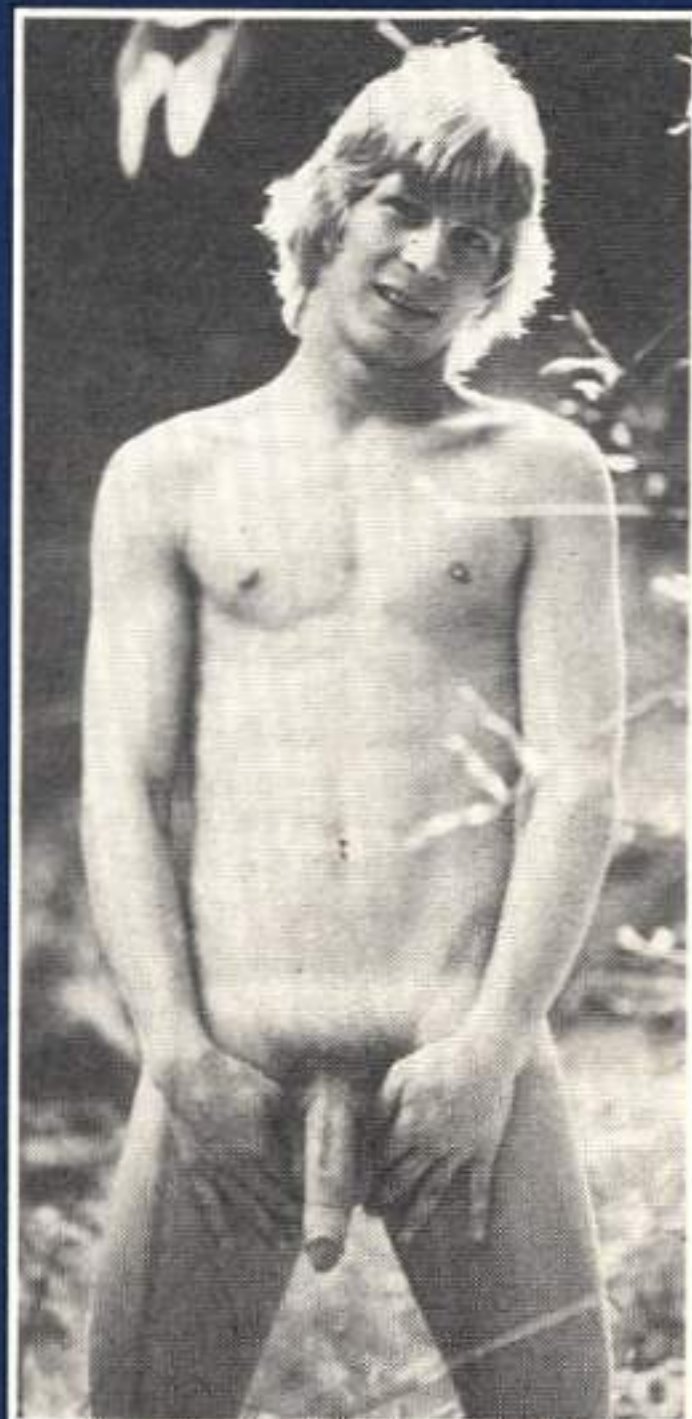


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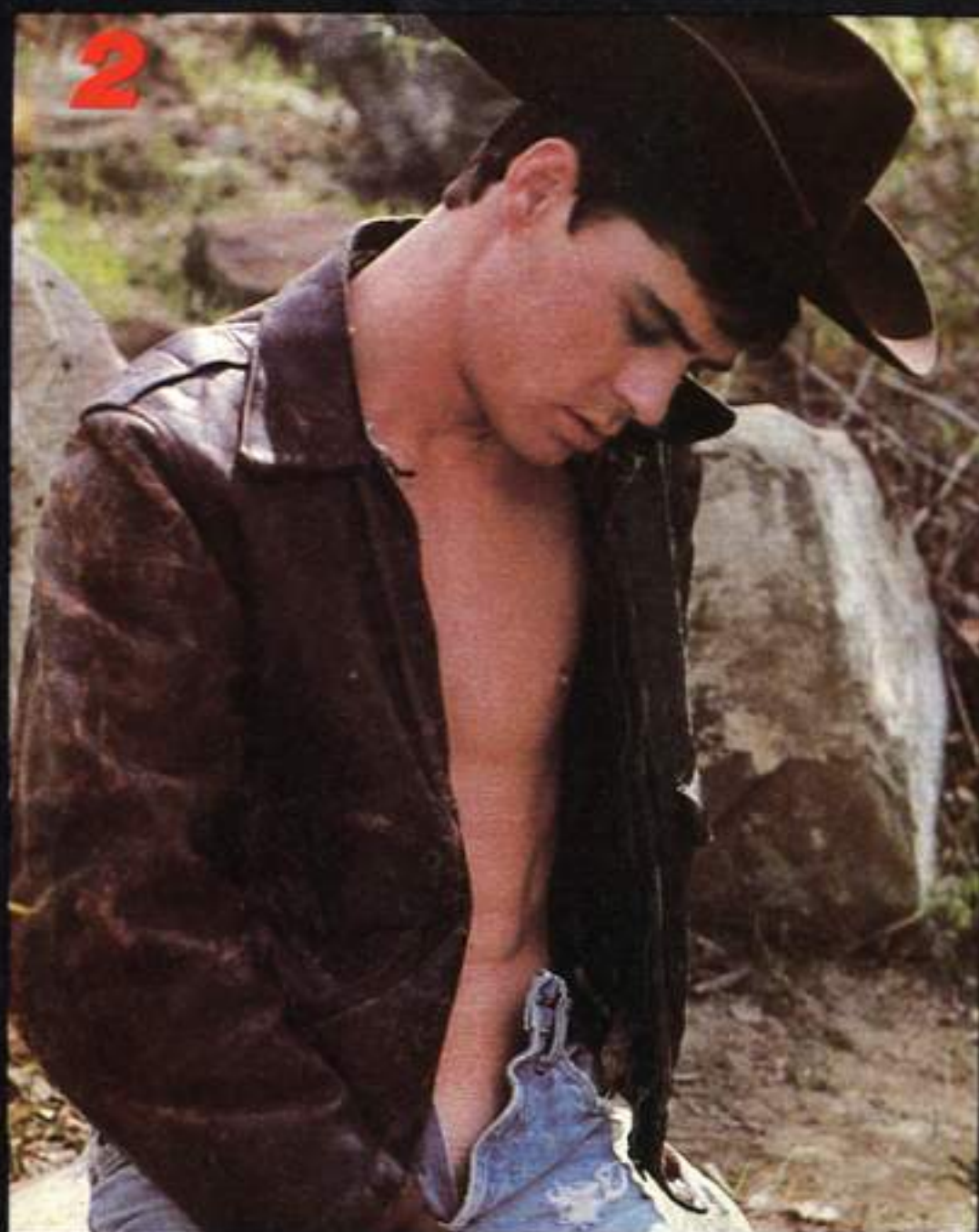


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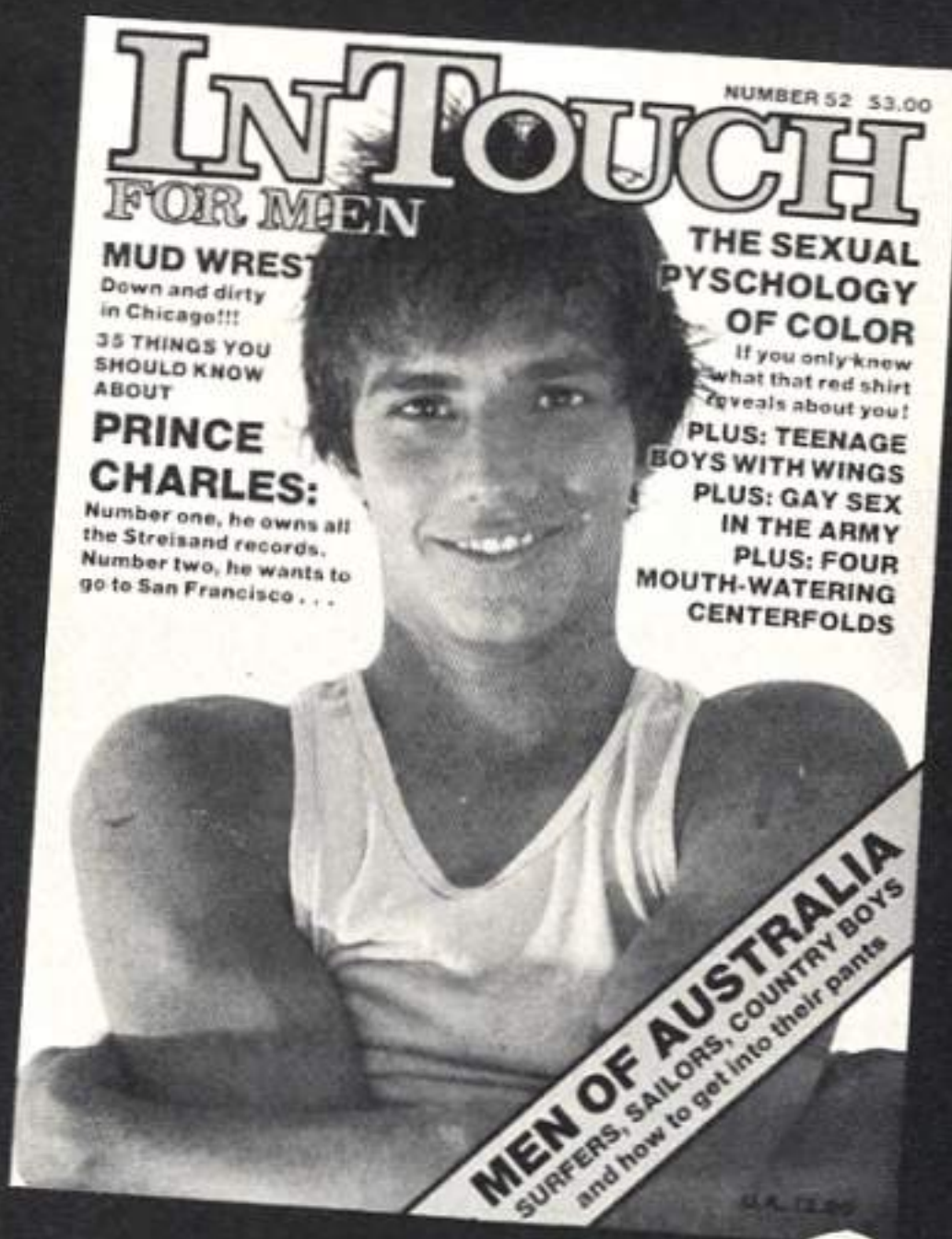
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Melville Among the Sailors

by William Russo

Recently dubbed the father of American homosexual literature, Herman Melville (1819-1891) produced a body of writing that clearly defined the masculine world of the nineteenth century. With a focus on sailors and their rugged wind-swept charms, Melville documented the transparently homoerotic bonds that form between men. For ances-

tral gay men, being in the Navy provided easy access to male camaraderie and promiscuous adventure. The lure of boys in every port was the true hallmark of men who sailed the seas.

But Melville's ideal men were not sailors alone, although the attitude and the appearance of seamen were magnetic for the young writer. Herman's men were of two basic sorts: older, Byronic types and callow—but butch—youths. (Two types that are invariably attracted to each other in his work.) Melville was forever seeking a man whose experience had brought him sophistication and worldliness. Thus, the writer's men are—must be—strong in their beliefs—even though physically, they might be ambiguous, that is androgynous. Melville sought men who had a regal bearing and an aura of epicene delicacy. Above all, they had to be sensitive yet in control of their emotions. More often than not, Herman's young heroic boys were aggressive, tough, muscular; butches whose charm rested in their freedom to flaunt convention—the perfect sailor. Melville himself was like the young men—and he always wanted the older.

Perhaps this is because the first men in young Herman's life were his father Allan and his elder brother Gansevoort, both beautiful, foppish, graceful, fashion-conscious—and in direct contrast to Herman. They were Herman's image of Apollonian desire. The writer thought himself crude, clumsy, and unequal to his male relations. After his father died when Herman was twelve, Gansevoort became a guardian whom Herman could never please. Gansevoort wrote in his diary once of catching 15-year-old Herman in a bar with a man named Frederick Leake. At first surprised by this, Gansevoort noted with some insight that Herman stayed out all night with the gentleman. So, partly to escape his brother's hawk-eye and partly to find a more sympathetic "brother," Melville at 17 became a sailor, taking the position of cabin boy on the *Highlander*, a clipper ship headed for Liverpool.

What Melville learned on this maiden voyage became source material for his novel, *Redburn*. The boy in this book is looking for the tutelege of Dutch uncles among the crew. And he finds it. Sailors christen him by the sexually ambiguous name, "Buttons." One mate sings of "the girl I left behind" each time he confronts the boy. Frequently, the crew spy his linen underwear through ripped pants, as he shimmies up masts. On board ship he meets one handsome young friend who takes him to the Palace of Aladdin, a male brothel in London. In fact, the book

abounds with double-entendres that were probably readily identifiable to gay readers in 1845. As Buttons writes of his sailor comrades: "Every one had a finger, or a thumb, sometimes both hands, in my unfortunate pie."

Setting examples for the sailors were their captains. Elite, superior, often from a higher class, the captains were demi-gods at sea. The crew no doubt took the officer's activity as a yardstick of morality. In *Redburn*, Captain Riga has dyed hair, is quite effeminate, and habitually invites cabin boys to his quarters for personal pleasure. Thus, in order to win the captain's favor, Buttons flirts with him. Even Captain Ahab in *Moby Dick* is known to spend his nights in the company of twelve-year-old Pip, the black cabin boy. And in Melville's novel *Israel Potter*, no less than American naval hero, John Paul Jones, puts the young protagonist to bed (in Jones' own bed) following a rather heady conversation about their mutual affection!

Another benefit of sailor life—as Herman related often—was the young men who were to be found in the ports of call. Usually, the men were Polynesian savages, native and natural in their passions. This, of course, meant they had no compunctions about homosexuality. Melville's first novel *Typee* is based on the experiences he had when he jumped ship in the South Seas and was captured for a while by a jungle tribe. In the book, he describes Marnoo, a youth with whom the narrator plainly becomes infatuated: "His unclad limbs were beautifully formed; whilst the elegant outline of his figure, together with his beardless cheeks, might have entitled him to the distinction of standing for the statue of the Polynesian Apollo." In *Omoo*, the male love object is the Tahitian island boy, Poky, "a handsome youth, who never could do enough for me." And in *Moby Dick*, the book that would bring him wide but brief fame in his lifetime and eternal fame after it, Ishmael is stunned to wake up in the arms of the tattooed, harsh-looking Queequeg, a South Sea islander with whom he had been forced to share a room: "Upon waking next morning about daylight, I found Queequeg's arm thrown over me in the most loving and affectionate manner. You had almost thought I had been his wife . . . A pretty pickle, truly, thought I; abed here in a strange house in the broad day, with a cannibal and a tomahawk!" When Ishmael finally succeeds in rousing the cannibal with the, ah, tomahawk, Queequeg "sat up in bed, stiff as a pine-staff, looking at me." Melville's puns were almost as brazenly outrageous as Mae West's!

"I feel that Hawthorne had dropped germinous seeds into my soul. He expands and deepens down, the more I contemplate him; and further and further, shoots his strong New-England roots into the hot soil in my Southern soul."

—from a review by Melville

"It was our business to squeeze these lumps [of whale sperm] back into fluid. A sweet and unctuous duty! No wonder that in old times this sperm was such a favorite cosmetic . . . After having my hands in it for only a few minutes, my fingers felt like eels, and began, as it were, to serpentine and spiralize . . . Squeeze! squeeze! squeeze! all morning long; I squeezed that sperm till I myself almost melted into it; I squeezed that sperm till a strange sort of insanity came over me; and I found myself unwittingly squeezing my co-laborers' hands in it . . . Such an abounding, affectionate, friendly, loving feeling did this avocation beget; that at last I was continually squeezing their hands and looking up into their eyes sentimentally; as much as to say, —Oh! my dear fellow beings . . . let us squeeze hands all around; nay, let us all squeeze ourselves into each other; let us squeeze ourselves universally into the very milk and sperm of kindness . . . In visions of the night, I saw long rows of angels in paradise, each with his hands in a jar of spermaceti."

—Moby Dick



MELVILLE QUOTES

"'But [the sailors] all love him. Some of 'em do his washing, darn his old trousers for him; the carpenter is at odd times making a pretty little chest of drawers for him. Anybody will do anything for Billy Budd.' . . . But this change of circumstances [Billy] scarce noted. As little did he observe that something about him provoked an ambiguous smile in one or two harder faces among the bluejackets. Nor less unaware was he of the peculiar favorable effect his person and demeanor had upon the more intelligent gentlemen of the quarter deck."

—Billy Budd

"Among those bundles of papers which Pierre, in an ill hour, so frantically destroyed in the chamber of the inn, were two large packages of letters, densely written, and in many cases inscribed crosswise throughout with red ink upon black; so that the love in those letters was two layers deep, and one pen and one pigment were insufficient to paint it. The first package contained the letters of Glen to Pierre, the other those of Pierre to Glen . . ."

—Pierre

Melville's search for love turned from sea to land after he became a well known writer in the 1840s. During the summer of 1850, he fell madly—madly is the only word for it—madly and overwhelmingly in love with a man 15 years his senior, a strikingly good looking 46-year-old writer with clear blue eyes and a delicate, classic face, a man who was as stoical as Herman was passionate, who was given to silent periods and veiled secrets and was Melville's equal in every way. His name: Nathaniel Hawthorne.

Because both men were married, their ties—on the surface—were literary. But Melville pursued Hawthorne with ardent letters, constant visits and emotional outbursts. Hawthorne basked in the love but seemingly feared its volatile nature. When the two men spent three weeks with each other in the Berkshire Mountains—without wives—in August of 1851, Melville tried to consummate his love. Hawthorne receded. After this, they kept in touch,

"What too many seamen are when ashore is very well known; but what some of them become when completely cut off from shore indulgences can hardly be imagined by landmen. The sins for which the cities of the plain were overthrown still linger in some of these wooden-walled Gomorrahs of the deep."

—White Jacket

"Knowing you persuades me more than the Bible of our immortality."

—from a letter to Hawthorne

"When Claggart's unobserved glance happened to light on belted Billy rolling along the upper gun deck in the leisure of the second dogwatch, exchanging passing broadsides of fun with other young promenaders in the crowd, that glance would follow the cheerful sea Hyperion with a settled meditative and melancholy expression, his eyes strangely suffused with incipient feverish tears. Then would Claggart look like the man of sorrows. Yes, and sometimes the melancholy expression would have in it a touch of soft yearning, as if Claggart could even have loved Billy but for fate or ban."

—Billy Budd

saw each other occasionally but Melville had clearly been rebuffed. The rejection never lost its sting.

Depressed by his failure to find love in America, Herman went to Europe. Leaving his wife and family, he made the Grand Tour, even meeting with Hawthorne in England for a few days. In Naples, Melville's spirits were picked up by an exuberant young "guide" named Antonio (whom Melville called a "con man," a quaint euphemism for hustler). With Antonio as his constant companion, Melville enjoyed the best days of his vagabondia.

The trip was used by the writer to examine in greater depth the nature of the passions he felt from boyhood. For instance, he found a bust of the beautiful Antinous, a teenager who had been Roman Emperor Hadrian's lover and who was a blatant symbol of gay love in the nineteenth century. The boy's beauty so impressed Melville that he brought home a small statue of him. This memento of homosexuality

was kept in his office for the rest of his life.

When Herman lost Hawthorne, it seemed a mainspring in his heart broke. Eventually he lost interest in novel writing and faded from public view. His life became notable only because of its headlong series of personal catastrophes: Hawthorne died in 1864, devastating Melville. Herman's son committed suicide, his mother died and another son succumbed to tuberculosis. The writer became quiet, detached and uncharacteristically unemotional. He worked as a customs clerk in New York City and withdrew so far inward that his only life was internal life, memories of long-ago sailors and voyages made with men he loved.

Inactive as a gay man and a novelist, Melville wrote poems to the men of the sea. One volume, *John Marr and Other Sailors*, contains full-blown odes to the virility, beauty and character of his past comrades. Then finally he found the enthusiasm necessary to pen *Billy Budd*, his last work and a homoerotic paean that combines all his favorite themes: A beautiful Apollonian sailor, his baby-faced attractiveness to the crew and his fatal homoerotic impact on the sadistic Master-at-Arms, Claggart. Melville's work has the captain think Billy "a fine specimen of the genus homo, who in the nude might have posed for a statue of young Adam before the Fall." Herman also has the crew call him "Beauty," "Baby Budd," and, most tellingly, "a mantrap." Without a doubt, the writer did not care about the public reaction to this overt tale—nor, for that matter, did he expect it to be published. He died shortly after completing a rough draft in 1891.

Before Melville's death, he had a curious encounter with a stranger. A young man came to the door and so resembled Nathaniel Hawthorne in the lush fullness of youth that Melville was visibly shaken. In seconds, he realized the young man must be Hawthorne's son, Julian. The boy wanted to use his father's letters to Herman as part of a new biography. Melville, refused and, according to Julian's notes, said the missives "had all been destroyed long since, as if implying the less said or preserved, the better." To Julian, Melville was a broken, pathetic figure who had deeply loved his father and spoke of "some secret in my father's life which had never been revealed..." The young Hawthorne remarked that it was Melville, rather, whose life held the bigger secret. ■

Getting just the right Melville quotes for this article would have been impossible—given our deadline—were it not for the scholarly text, Gay American History by J. Katz (Avon, 959 8th Ave., New York City 10019; \$3.95). A ground-breaking work, we recommend it to all our readers.

—Ed



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NIGHTLIFE!



CHARLES OF THE RITZY:
Take a look at the work of Charles Moniz, who's been shooting stars for the past 2½ years with remarkable results. His philosophy? "Most of the paparazzi in New York attack celebrities; they use their cameras as weapons. I'm trying to be somewhat friendly. If my subject looks dreadful, I look dreadful. And, listen, it's not too difficult to take a bad picture of somebody over 50."





Pictured here, looking terrific: Kim Novak, Bette Davis and Liz Taylor from the premiere of *The Mirror Crack'd*; The Islanders boogying it up at New York disco, Bond's; Marcia Lewis and Holly Woodlawn at Freddy's on the East Side; and Sissy Spacek from the D.W. Griffith Awards at Luchow's where she won an award for best actress.



Moniz is currently putting together a book of photos of Broadway stars in their dressing rooms. And you can catch more of his hot photos in the NY bar-mag *TopMan* every week. Does he do nudes? "I would, except I have a lover. It's not easy to take pictures of naked guys with your one and only standing around in the kitchen."

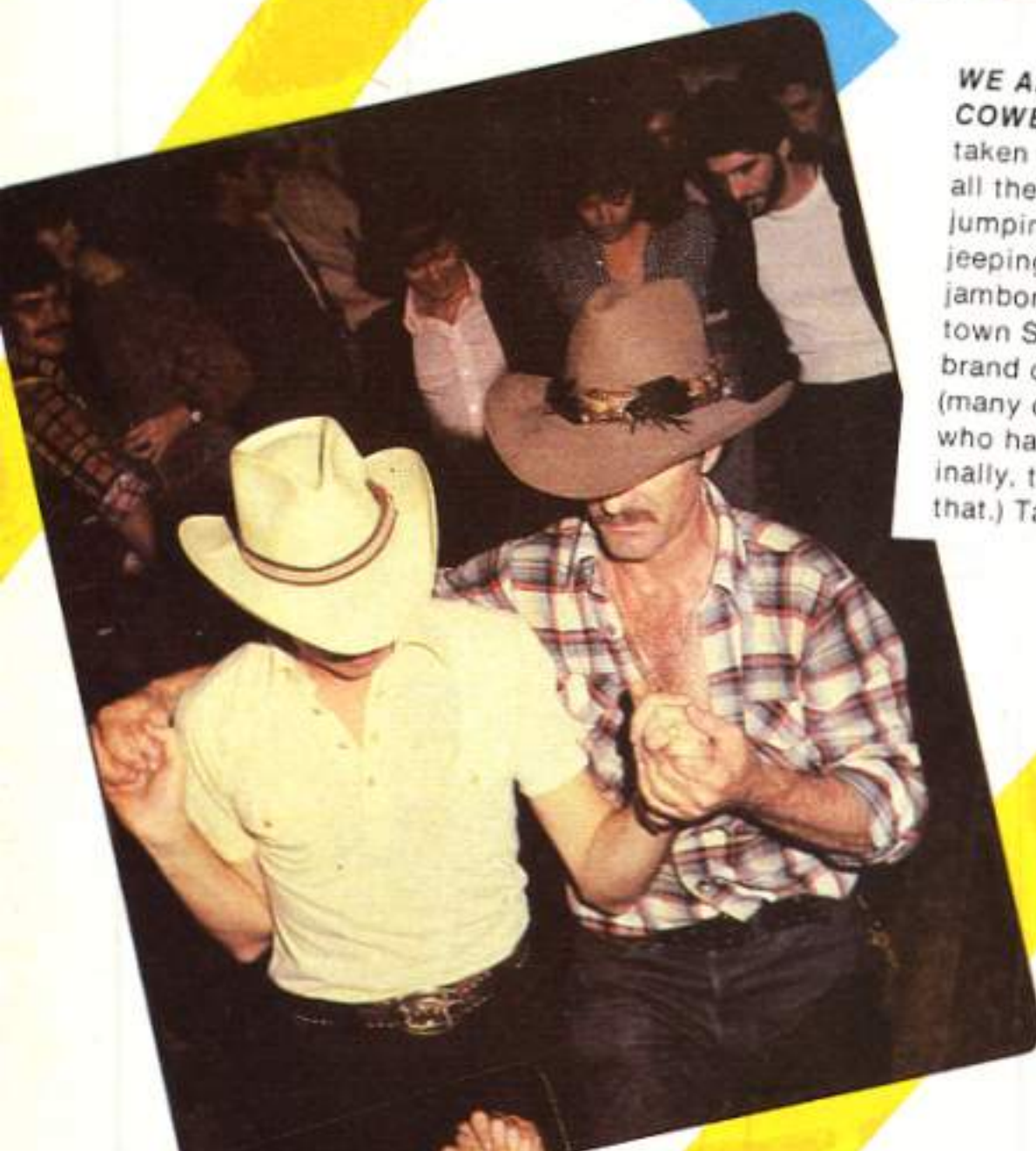
TOUCHE'S TUSHES:

We may not know much about art but we know what we like and we like this mural from Chicago's "serious leather bar" Touche's. The Michaelangelo behind this masterpiece stands in front of it, Bruce Cegur, a young muralist whose work is seen in several Chicago bars. He also markets a line of homo-erotic rubber-stamps. Wisely, he realizes that what America needs now is a jock-strap letterhead.



FRANK STEIN

WE ALL THREW UP TO BE COWBOYS: Los Angeles has taken to the Texas craze with all the gusto of Roy and Dale jumping into Nellybelle and jeeping off to a barn-dance jamboree. Here at L.A.'s Nut-town Saloon we see our own brand of urbane cowboys (many of them the real article who had escaped to L.A., originally, to get away from all that.) Talk about long horns!



NO PORKING!: Miss Piggy waits for a bus to take her to a party being thrown in her honor at L.A.'s sexy bar, The Eagle. Arrow Schnapps is considering Miss Piggy as its 1981 poster girl—!—but it looks like she'll have to kiss a ton of toads before she finds her very own Kermit.



ROSE DE CASTRO



ROSE DE CASTRO

CH-CH-CHANGES!: In America, we at least have the decency to wait till people are dead to make a buck off them. In London, however, they're not that patient. Witness the contest that was held recently at Dicks Inn Discotechques in which the gay kids were encouraged to come as either David Bowie or Grace Jones. Naturally, the boys came as Grace, the girls came as David, and nobody knew the difference. Several surprise pregnancies resulted. We don't know what will happen next, or what you can expect when you cross a Grace-Jones man with a David-Bowie woman. But really is the world ready for another Little Richard?

DICKS INN DISCOTHEQUES

DAVID BOWIE OR GRACE JONES

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SPATS
37 Oxford St W1
10pm-3am

ALBUMS
CASH PRIZES
NAME CONTEST
SOUNDS

EUSTON TAVERN FRI/SATS 9-12, SUNS 9-11pm **SPATS FRI/SATS 10pm-3am (SPATS OPEN WEDS-SUNS INCLUSIVE)**

TALK ABOUT WRECKED!: When Trex Travel Planners of Los Angeles scheduled an all-gay Whale Watchers excursion recently, little did they foresee that the vessel would capsize, forcing 47 gay boys and girls to wade through thick fog into the arms of the Coast Guard. The Guard gave them shelter, blankets and hot drinks—which sounds like a come-on to us. All the gay men said they would do it again. And again. And again.





ANCHORS AWAY: Miss Mansfield, our spiritual leader, sails out of the issue on the shoulders of a fleet of Navy boys. If she seems to be losing her head—tacky, tacky—well, who wouldn't. What do you do with a drunken sailor? Jayne knows. Bon voyage, kids. ⚓



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